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FATE.

BY T. HENRY DOYLE.

With gaze full of best hope all watch the veil
That hides the mystic future from their sight;
Or dreaming, oft plan some illusive tale
That Time will tell them when Truth comes to light.

And severed only by the years' brief space,
From distant lands, 'neath never thought of skies,
Two meet, no more to part, with Heaven's grace,
So long as life may brighten gentle eyes.

Yet many born of kindred blood and race
Stand all about us with Love's longing heart,
Though in their lives fruition hath no place
Since trackless wastes, and mountains, bid them part.

Passed by, overlooked, or hopeless, daring not,
They bear with peace, the unrequited weight,
And wrapped in silence, and a hapless lot,
In patience kneeling at the feet of Fate.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

THEY both stepped out on to the deck, and stood and listened, for it was impossible for them to see, though the light from the deck-house made them stand out plainly in view if any one else was on the watch.

They saw nothing; for, as they stepped out, a man, who was stealing aft, dropped softly down and crouched under the bulwarks.

The hawsers creaked softly as they swung in the tide, and a faint light shone up from the forecastle hatch, while from aft there was a tolerably bright glow from the cabin skylight. Here and there the riding lights of other vessels rose and fell, as they were swayed by the hurrying waters; while the lights of the shore twinkled like stars on a black background, but, saving the rippling noise of the tide against the great schooner's side, all was perfectly still.

"False alarm, Pollo," said Oakum, leading the way back.

"No, sah," said Pollo, reseating himself, cross-legged, beneath the lantern. "I sure I hear somefin, sah, dough I no say what it was."

"I've often wished for you as a mate in a dark watch, Pollo," said Oakum, hewing off a quid of tobacco, and thrusting it into one cheek. "You would not go to sleep."

"Not ob a night, sah," said Pollo, complacently: "but I no so sure bout dat in de sun shine hot—I go sleep den fass enough."

They had hardly resumed their conversation when the man who had dropped down under the bulwarks rose, and went softly by the deck-house, walking rapidly aft to the side, where he climbed over, after running his hand along and finding a rope, slid down, and took his place in a large boat already half full.

A few moments later, and another man crept softly along the deck, went over the side, and slid into the boat.

Another and another followed, and then one man who had been waiting by the forecastle hatch, instead of going aft, opened a sharp knife and crept forward to where the stout coir hawser was made fast to the buoy. It was drawn very tight; for the tide was running in fast, and a few sharp cuts would have divided the strands, with the result that the schooner would have drifted up with the current, and, if it had not fouled and perhaps sunk some smaller vessel in its course, have run ashore.

The man listened attentively that all was still, and, raising his knife, he began to saw through the strands, when rising, he shut the knife with a snap, and exclaimed:

"No, hang it all, I won't! It's too bad; and there's a woman aboard. Bad enough as it is."

Then, following the example of those who had gone before, he went softly aft, feeling his way along the bulwarks till his hand came in contact with the rope, and he, too, slid down into the boat.

"Well, did you cut the great rope?" whispered a voice.

"Yes, gov'nor, all right. But not deep," added the man to himself.

"Quick, then—quick, then," whispered the former speaker, "undo this little rope, and let the boat float away."

The boat's painter was loosened—but not without rattling the iron ring through which it was run—dropped over the side with a splash, and, just faintly grating against the vessel's side, the boat glided away, appearing for a few moments in the faint glow cast from the stern windows, and then seeming to pass into a bank of utter darkness.

"I no care what you say, Mass' Oakum, sah," said Pollo, a few moments before—and his great black ears seemed to start forward like those of a hare—"I sure I hear de rattle ob a rope; and you see if dare isn't a boat under de side."

He leaped softly up, and ran on deck, followed by Oakum.

"Dere, I sure I right," whispered the black, pointing astern. "Boat full ob men."

"I can't see nowt," growled Sam. "Let's go forward and ask the look-out if they heard anything. Hear a boat touch the side, mates?" he said, aloud.

There was no answer.

"The lubbers are asleep," he said, angrily; and hurrying to where the men should have been, he found that they were missing, and ran to the hatchway. "Below there!" he shouted. "On deck here, some of yer!"

All silent; and he lowered himself down, to find a lantern burning but not a soul there, even in the bunks, the men's kits being also gone.

"Deserted, by jingo!!" cried Oakum, slapping his thigh, as he began to ascend the ladder. "Here, Pollo, run and call the skipper."

"What's wrong?" cried Captain Studwick, from out of the darkness.

"Not a blessed man, sir, left aboard."

And the captain brought his foot down with a savage stamp on deck.

CHAPTER XI.

OFF AT LAST.

THE outcry brought the doctor, Mr. Wilson, and John Studwick on deck, the latter panting, and evidently in a terrible state of alarm.

"Quick, father, the boat!—save Bessy, don't mind me," he gasped.

"There's nothing to fear, my boy," exclaimed the captain, catching the young man's arm. "Only the men have gone ashore—forsaken the ship. Now go below. Here you, Oakum, what do you mean, you scoundrel? Where's Mr. Jones?"

"Here, sir," said the mate, who had hurried from his berth. "What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" exclaimed the captain, stamping about the deck in his rage. "Why, the men have forsaken the ship. What were you about?"

"I beg pardon, Captain Studwick," said the mate, sharply; "but it was my watch below. You said you would see to the first watch with Oakum."

"So I did—so I did," cried the captain. "Here, Oakum."

"You said I could go below, capen," said Oakum, gruffly.

"Did you know anything of this?"

"If I'd know'd anything of it, I should have come and told you," said Oakum. "Didn't I give the alarm as soon as I know'd?"

"Yes, yes, yes," cried the captain. "There, I beg your pardon, Mr. Jones. Don't take any notice, Oakum. It's enough to make any man mad. How am I to face Mr. Parkley and Mr. Pugh when they come off in the morning?"

"Lads on'y gone off to have a good drink, p'r'aps, sir," suggested Oakum.

"Drink? No. They've been got at, and bribed or persuaded not to go. The scoundrels! I'll have them before the nearest magistrate, and punish them for this."

"Got to ketch 'em first," growled Oakum to himself.

"Look here, when did you find this out?" exclaimed the captain.

"When you heard me shout," said Oakum. "Pollo here thought he heard a noise, and we came and looked."

"And I see de boat go astern wif all de men in, sah," said Pollo, importantly.

"It's a planned thing, or the men would not have gone off like that," said the captain. "Mark my words, John, that foreigner's at the bottom of this. Did either of you see him come near the ship?"

"I did, sah," cried Pollo.

"You did?" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, sah, jus' 'fore dark, I see um get in boat 'low de wharf, and two men row boat wif um."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sah, I quite sure. I see um sit in de stern; wrap up in um cloak, and smoke cigar. But he nebber came nigh de ship."

"I thought as much," groaned the captain. "Here, go below, John. The night air's chilly. There's nothing the matter, my child," he continued, tenderly, "only some of the crew have absconded." For just then Bessy Studwick, very quiet and trembling, had come to his side. "Well, gentleman, I'm sorry, but I could not help it, and now I shall have to ask you to share the watch with Mr. Jones and myself. Oakum and Pollo, go below. Oakum, you will take the next watch with Mr. Jones. Mr. Meldon, or you, Mr. Wilson, will perhaps join me in the morning watch."

Both gentleman expressed their willingness, and the night passed off without further misadventure.

Captain Studwick was quite right, for the Cuban hovered about the schooner until darkness set in, when, watching his opportunity, he caught the attention of one of the men, who absolutely refused to listen to him at first; but as Laure bribed higher, and vowed that it was a mad voyage, of which he had himself repented, as he would not expose the men to the risks of the deadly coast where the treasure lay, the man began to listen.

"There are fevers all on those shores, of the most deadly kind," he whispered; "and I shall feel as if I had sent a party of good British seamen to their death."

At last his words and his money began to tell. This man was won over; and when the others were brought under the persuasive ways of the Cuban, the dread of punishment for desertion was mastered by another sovereign or two, and after his last words they gave way.

"Take your choice," he said at last; "a dog's death and your body for the sharks in that pestilent clime, or the money I give you. You can take the night train for London, have your run on there, and then get a good vessel afterwards."

An additional sovereign to the man he felt most likely to be his tool made him promise to cut the hawser; and then all went well for the infamous design, except that this man repented of part of his bargain, and the crew of stout, able seamen was taken off, and landed a mile or so above where the schooner lay in the tideway.

By eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Parkley and Dutch came off, to announce that they had discovered through Pollo that when he saw Tolly and the other diver they were on their way to the station, and had taken tickets for London.

"Did you ever have worse news?" said Mr. Parkley, bitterly. "It may be months before we can get others who will go; for Layman, my other man, is ill."

"Yes," said the captain, quietly.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Parkley, aghast.

"Our friend, the Cuban, has seduced all the men away, and stopped the expedition."

"I'll be— No, I won't swear," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, turning red with fury. "Stopped the voyage, has he? Got my divers away, and the crew, has he? Look here, Dutch Pugh; look here, Captain Studwick. I'm a man who takes a good deal of moving, but when I do move, it takes more to stop me. I'll move heaven and earth to carry this plan out, and I'll spend every sixpence I've got, but what I'll beat that scoundrel."

"You will apply to the magistrates about the men?" said the captain; "at least, shall I?"

"No," said Mr. Parkley, sharply. "Might just as well commence proceedings against that scoundrel. Waste of time. Dutch Pugh, you'll stand by me?"

"Indeed, I will, Mr. Parkley," said Dutch, calmly, as he held out his hand."

"And I'm sure I will," exclaimed the captain.

"I know you would," said Mr. Parkley, warmly. "I'm determined now, for it's evident that that rascal will try all he can to thwart me. Come down in the cabin, and let's see what's to be done. We'll have a meeting."

They were all seated round the cabin table soon after, and the matter was discussed in all its bearings, Captain Studwick saying that he had no fear of being able to get a dozen good men in a day or two, if they were prepared to pay pretty highly.

"Then you must pay highly," said Mr. Parkley; "but look here, every step you take must be with the knowledge that this Laure is trying to thwart you."

"I will not boast," said Captain Studwick, "but if I get a crew on board here again, I think it will take two Laures to trick me."

"Good!" said Mr. Parkley, beginning to brighten up. "What I want is to get off at once. It will be horrible to stay, for we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town. The chaff was beginning last night."

"But about divers?" said the captain.

"Yes, there is the difficulty. It is not every man who will train for it, as it is a risky thing. Perhaps I may be able to train one or two of the men we get. At all events, go I will, and I will not be beaten."

"I'm afraid that would be but a poor chance," said Dutch, who sat there pale and troubled, but had hardly spoken.

"Don't throw cold water on it, Pugh, for Heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Parkley, testily.

"I do not wish to do that," said Dutch. "I wish to help you."

"Well, then," cried Mr. Parkley, sharply, "I shall take old Rasp; he'll go to oblige me, old as he is; and if it is necessary I will go down myself. I've not been down for years now; but sooner than that scoundrel shall crow over me, I'll do all the diving myself."

"There will be no necessity," said Dutch, quickly.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Parkley.

"I will go with you myself," said Dutch.

"What!" cried Mr. Parkley, joyfully. "You! You go with me? My dear Pugh, I shall never forget this."

He rose, and grasped the young man's hand with both of his own, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"Yes," said Dutch, quietly. "I will go, and with old Rasp I think we can manage."

"Manage!" cried Mr. Parkley; "why, you are a host in yourself. But look here, my dear boy. Gentlemen, you will excuse us. Come on deck."

He led the way, and Dutch followed him to the side of the schooner, where he took him by the button.

"I'm so grateful, Pugh," he exclaimed, "you can't think; but it won't do. The business would be all right with my brother, but I can't take you away."

"Why not?" said Dutch, sharply.

"Your poor little wife, my boy, I could never look her in the face again."

"For God's sake, don't mention her," cried Dutch, passionately. "There, there," he cried, mastering himself, "you need not consider that."

"But, my dear Pugh, are you not too hasty—too ready to believe? No, no, it won't do; you misjudge her. I won't let you go. In a few days all will be well again."

"Parkley," exclaimed Dutch, hoarsely, "it will never be all right again. I speak to you as I would speak to no other man. Heaven knows how I have loved that woman; but I have no home now. I shall never see her again."

"No, no, no—don't speak like that, my

dear boy. You are too rash. Come, have patience, and all will be right. You shall not go."

Dutch smiled bitterly.

"You are mad just now; but it will pass off. And look here, my dear boy, it was all my fault, for getting you to take the cursed scoundrel in."

"Don't speak of it, pray," cried Dutch.

"I must, my dear boy. Now, look here; after being guilty of one wrong to that poor little woman of yours, how can I do her another by taking her husband away?"

"I am no longer her husband, and she is no longer my wife," said Dutch, sternly. "I tell you I shall go."

"No, no, I will not let you."

"I am your partner, and I shall insist upon it. Stay at home, and let me take the lead in the expedition. You may trust me."

"Better than I would myself," said Mr. Parkley, warmly.

"Then let me go. It will be a relief to me from the torture I have suffered these last weeks. Parkley, you cannot dream of what I have felt."

"Do you really, earnestly mean all this?" said Mr. Parkley, gazing in the other's troubled face.

"Mean it? Yes, it would be a real kindness."

"Time cures all wounds," said Mr. Parkley "so perhaps it will be best; and you will make arrangements forwhile you are away."

"She has the house," said Dutch, bitterly, "and what money I have. I shall write to her mother to join her. Is that enough?"

Mr. Parkley held out his hand, and the two men grasped each other's for a moment, and then turned back to the cabin.

"Mr. Pugh goes with us, Studwick. Rasp I know will come when he hears that Mr. Pugh is with us."

"Indeed!" said Dutch; "I should have thought not."

"You'll see," said Mr. Parkley, writing a few lines in his pocket book, and tearing off the leaf. "Now, then, about Rasp. Whom can we trust to take this ashore?"

"Let me go," said Mr. Meldon, the young doctor. "I will deliver it in safety."

"You will?" cried Mr. Parkley. "That's well; but mind you don't get tampered with, nor the man this it is to fetch."

Mr. Meldon started, being rowed ashore in a boat they hailed. The Captain was ready to suspect every one now; and in an hour old Rasp came grumbling aboard, with a huge carpet bag, which dragged him into the boat in which he came off, and nearly pulled him back into it when he mounted the side.

"Ah, yes, I'll go," he said, as soon as he encountered his employers on the deck. "Hain't got enough clean shirts, though. I allus thought that Tolly was good for nowt, and the forrener a bad un."

"And now, Rasp, I want you to go ashore again for me," said Dutch.

"I'll take him with me," said the Captain, "and keep a sharp look-out for him. Mr. Parkley is going too."

"I don't want any sharp look-outs," said Rasp, gruffly. "I can take care o'myself."

Rasp's mission was a simple one—namely to purchase certain articles of outfit; for, with stern determination, the young man had set his face against again visiting his home. Moreover, as if distrustful of himself, he stayed on board, meaning to remain there for good.

The captain and mate both left for the shore, leaving Dutch in charge of the vessel; and so earnestly did they work, that by nightfall they had secured six fresh men and were hopeful of obtaining another half dozen—all they required—by the following day.

The new-comers were of a rougher class than those who had been wiled away, but for all that they were sturdy, useful men, and, anxious as the leaders of the expedition were to start, it was no time for choosing.

That night, little thinking that every action in connection with the vessel had been closely watched with a powerful glass from the upper window of a house overlooking the estuary, Captain Studwick returned with the mate, taking the precaution to give the men plenty of liquor, and placing them under hatches for safety.

Rasp had long been back with the necessaries Dutch required, bringing with him a letter, which the young man read, tore to shreds, and then sent fluttering over the side; and at last the party, feeling hopeful of success on the morrow, retired for the night, saving such as had to keep watch.

The next day, however, brought no success; not a man could be induced to undertake the voyage, of those unemployed; and, to Captain Studwick's great annoyance, he found that by some means the whole business of the voyage had been turned into ridicule, and the men he addressed responded to his questions with a coarse burst of laughter. With the determination then of sailing the next morning with the crew he had, and putting in at Plymouth with the hope of obtaining more, he returned on board, and was in the act of relating his ill-success, when Oakum hailed a boat, pulled towards them by a couple of waterman, with half a dozen sailors in her stern.

It was growing dark, but those on deck could make out that the men had their long bolster-like kits with them; and the captain's heart beat with joy as he heard, in answer to the hail, that the men had come from one of the sailors' boarding-houses, having arrived there that afternoon.

"Simpson's on West Quay," said one of the watermen. "He heard you were looking out for men, and so gave me this."

He handed up a letter, in which the lodging-house keeper asked for five pounds for relieving the men and talking them into coming; and as the men came on deck, and proved quite willing to sign for the voyage, the money was paid, and the boat pushed off.

They were not a handsome set of men, three being Englishmen, one a Dane, and the other two Lascars—one a long black-haired fellow; the other a short-haired, closely-shaven man, with a stoop, and a slight halt in one leg. He was nearly black, and did not look an attractive addition to the party; but the men declared he was an old ship mate, and a good hand, evidently displaying an inclination, too, to refuse to go without him, so he was included.

"I think we can set our friend at defiance now," said the captain, rubbing his hands as the men went below.

"I don't know," said Mr. Parkley. "He's one of those treacherous, cunning scoundrels that will steal a march on us when it is least expected. It's a fine night, and not so very dark; the tide serves; so what do you say to dropping down at once, and putting a few miles of sea between us and our friend?"

"The very thing I should have proposed," said the captain; "and what's more I say make all sail for our port, in case our friend should charter a fresh vessel and be before us."

"He would not get the divers."

"No, perhaps not; but he might make up a party who could overhaul and plunder us. I shall not be happy till we are well on the way."

"Good, then—let's make our start. It will astonish Pugh when he comes up from his berth to find us full handed and well on our way."

"Is he lying down, then?" said the captain.

"Yes, I persuaded him to go, as he is going to watch again to night. The fellow is ill with worry and anxiety, and we can't afford to have him knocked up. You'll start, then, at once."

"In a quarter of an hour or so," said Captain Studwick. "Here's a large barque coming up, and we may as well let her clear us first."

Giving the word to the mate, the first half-dozen men were called up, and a couple of sails made ready for hoisting, so as to give steerage way, and the motions of the dimly-seen barque were watched.

"I don't want her to run foul of us," said the captain; "for if she did, I should be ready to swear that it was one of the Cuban's plans."

"Hardly," replied Mr. Parkley. "If any fresh hindrance is to come to us, it will be from the shore. If you take my advice, you will not let a boat approach the ship to-night."

"I don't mean to," said the captain. "All right, she'll give us a pretty good wide berth. Hallo! What's that?" he said crossing over to port.

"Boat from the shore, sir," said one of the men.

And at the same moment came a hail out of the darkness.

"Ahoy there! Heave us a rope."

Oakum stepped forward, and was about to cast a rope down, when the captain stayed him.

"What is it?" he said, sharply. "Keep off, or you may have something through your planks," and as he spoke he peered down into the boat. "Here, Jones, keep a sharp look-out on the other side, and see that no boat comes up."

"Is that Captain Studwick?" said a woman's voice.

"Yes, and what then?" said the captain. "Now, it won't do. That trick's too clear. How many have you in that boat?"

"No one but myself," replied the same voice. "Pray, pray, let me come on board."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed the captain. "Quick! I've no time to waste."

"Let her come on board," cried Mr. Parkley, hastily. "Don't you know her?" he whispered; "it's Mrs. Pugh." Then leaning over the side—"Hester, my child, is that you?"

"Yes," was the hoarse reply. "Mr. Parkley, for Heaven's sake take me on board."

"There, I told you so," exclaimed Mr. Parkley. "Let down the steps."

"I tell you it's some ruse of that cursed Cuban," cried the captain, angrily "If you give way, we shall be stopped again. Keep that boat off below, there."

"No, no!" cried Mr. Parkley. "Stop! Studwick, I take the responsibility on myself. Oakum, lower the steps, and throw that rope."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old sailor. "Am I to do it, sir?" he continued, to the captain.

"Yes, if he wishes it," was the testy reply. And then, in a low voice, he said to the mate, "Slip the hawser, and haul up the jib and staysail. I'm going to the wheel."

His orders were rapidly executed, and the long, graceful vessel began almost imperceptibly to move through the water.

"If it is any trick," said the captain, as he went aft to the man he had stationed at the wheel, "it shall take place at sea. What's that?"

He turned back instantly, for at that moment what sounded like a slight scuffle was heard by the gangway he had left.

CHAPTER XII.

IN BESSY'S CABIN.

HOWEVER, so determined was Captain Studwick not to be lightly trifled with, that a pistol was in his hand as he ran back to the side; but his alarm was unnecessary, for the scuffling noise was caused merely by Mr. Parkley catching their visitor as she tottered and nearly fell on the deck.

"Let me see my husband, Mr. Parkley," she moaned. "for pity's sake let me see my husband. If I saw him and spoke to him, he would listen to me."

"But my dear child," began Mr. Parkley.

"I shall die if I do not see him," she moaned again, "I have been so ill—I have suffered so much; and this evening the news came that he was going away—away without seeing me. Oh, God, what have I done that I should suffer so!"

"My dear child, my dear Mrs. Pugh,"

"I must see him—pray, pray take me to him," she sobbed, "it's more than I can—more than I can bear."

Mr. Parkley caught her again just in time, for she swooned away; and, laying her upon the deck, he tried hard to restore her. Then, looking up, he became aware that the lights of the town were fast receding.

"Why, Studwick," he exclaimed, "the schooner's moving!"

"Yes," said the captain.

"But the boat this poor girl came off in?"

"Ashore by this time."

"But we can't take her. Hang it, man! we cannot have domestic differences on board. She must go back."

"We must now land her at Plymouth," said the captain. "Send for my Bessy, man, she will soon bring her to. How foolish of the little woman to come aboard!"

"Shall I fetch the young lady, sir?" said Sam Oakum, gruffly, as he stood with a look of disgust upon his face.

"Yes, for goodness' sake, do. Quick!" exclaimed Mr. Parkley, whose efforts to restore animation were all in vain.

Just as Sam went aft, though, Mrs. Pugh began to revive, stared wildly about, and sitting up saw the captain bending over her.

"Captain Studwick," she cried, catching his hand and drawing herself upon her knees to cling to him, "don't send me back—don't send me away. Let me go too. I could not bear to part from my husband like this. He is angry with me," she whispered; "I cannot tell you why, but he has not spoken to me for days, and I have been so—so ill."

"Yes, yes, you shall see him, my dear, but stand up. You must not make a scene."

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, rising hastily. "I will do anything you say, only let me see him and explain. Let me go with you. If I could talk to him he would believe me, and all would be well again. If not," she said, with a hysterical cry, "I shall go mad—I shall go mad."

"Come, let me take you below," said the captain; for she was clinging tightly to his arm.

"Yes, yes," whispered the poor, trembling woman. "I could not help that; I am trying so hard to be calm, but my poor breast is so care-laden that a cry would escape. Let me go with you, Captain Studwick. I will be so quiet—so careful."

"It is impossible, my dear child," he said, in a husky voice; for her agony affected him.

"No, no, don't say that; I will help Bessy nurse your poor son. She loves me, and believes in me; and I will give no trouble. If you set me ashore I shall die of grief. I cannot live to be separated from my husband—for him to leave like this."

"Well, well, well, I'll see what I can do," said the captain, in the quieting way that one would speak to a child.

But she peered instantly into his face.

"You are deceiving me!" she cried. "You are trying to calm me with promises, and you mean to set me ashore. Mr. Parkley," she wailed, turning to him, "you know me, and believe in me: you know the cause of this trouble. Take me to my dear husband, and help me to drive away this horrible belief of his, or I shall die."

"My dear child—my dear child," he said, drawing her to him, "I will try all I can."

"But you will set me ashore again, when I strove so hard to get to him. I was so ill in bed, and he has not been near me. I found out that you were taking Dutch from me, and I could not stay. Let me see him—oh, let me see him!"

"You shall, my dear, as soon as you are calm."

"But he is here," she whispered, not daring to raise her voice, lest, in her excited state, it should get the mastery over her, and she should burst forth in hysterical wails.

"Yes, my child, he is here. He is asleep below."

"Poor Dutch!" she whispered to herself, and then, with a faint weary smile, she laid her hands in those of her old friend. "There, you will see how calm and patient I will be," she continued. "No one shall suspect any trouble. I will be so quiet and patient, and if he will not listen to me, I will not complain, so long as I am near him, only wait till God changes his heart towards me."

"There, then, you shall stay—till we get to Plymouth," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, hastily passing his hand across his eyes. "Don't let the men see that anything's the matter, my dear."

"No, oh, no," she replied. "I'm quite calm now. Ah, here's Miss Studwick."

"You here, Mrs. Pugh!" exclaimed the captain's daughter, who believed that she was coming to her father.

"Yes I could not stay," sobbed Hester. "I was obliged to come. Oh, Bessy, dear Bessy, don't shrink from me!" she wailed, as the men gladly drew away and left them together.

"Hush! don't speak here," said Bessy, glancing round, and speaking hoarsely—"come down to my cabin."

Hester tottered, and would have fallen, but Bessy caught her arm and led her below, where, as soon as they were alone, the former fell upon her knees, and held up her hands, catching those of Bessy as she stood before her.

"Listen to me, Miss Studwick," she moaned. "Don't condemn me unheard. I thought you believed in me, but you shrank from me just now."

Bessy did not speak, but gazed down on the sobbing woman with a look of pity.

"My dear husband has allowed cruel suspicions to creep into his heart, and he wrongs me—he does, indeed. Oh, Bessy, Bessy, you loved him once, I know—I know you did: and you must have hated me for taking his love from you."

A low sigh burst from Bessy's breast, but she did not speak.

"You know," sobbed Hester, "how true, and noble, and frank he is."

"I do," said Bessy, softly.

"Then, what would the woman be who could betray him, even in thought? Would she not be the vilest, the most cruel of wretches?"

"She would, indeed," said Bessy, coldly.

"Bessy—Miss Studwick," cried Hester, with a low wail of misery, "if I have committed any sin, it is that of loving my dear husband too well. God—God knows how innocent I am. Oh! it is too hard to bear."

She sank lower on the cabin floor, weeping silently, but only by a great effort, for the heavy sobs kept rising to her lips: and in her agony the intense desire to obtain relief in uttering loud cries was almost more than she could master.

Bessy stood looking down upon her, with brows knit and lips pressed together; for her heart whispered to her that this was a judgment on this woman, who had robbed her of her love, and that she ought to rejoice over her downfall. Then, too, the thought came that, this idol fallen, she might, perhaps, herself be raised up in its place, and a flash of joy irradiated her mind; but only for a moment. Then her nature prevailed; and, stooping down, she lifted the prostrate woman with ease, and laid her upon the couch like locker that filled one side of the cabin, kneeling down beside her, and drawing the dishevelled head upon her bosom.

"Hester," she whispered, "I did hate you, very, very bitterly—as intensely as I once loved Dutch Pugh: but all that is passed. When I came to your house, and began to know you better, I used to go home, and kneel down and pray for his happiness with you; while, when I heard of his trouble, my hatred began to fight its way back, so that the last day or two I have felt ready to curse you for the wreck you have made."

"Oh, no, no, no!" sobbed Hester, clinging to her; "I am innocent."

"Yes, I know and believe that now," said Bessy; "and I will help you to win him back to the same belief."

"But you will bring him to me quickly; or they will set me ashore," wailed Hester, clinging tightly to her companion as she uttered a cry of relief. "If I could but stay only to see him sometimes, and know that he was safe, I should wait then patiently until he came to me and told me that all this troublous dream was at an end."

"And you believe that he will do this?"

"Believe!" cried Hester, starting up, and gazing full at her companion. "Oh, yes, I believe it. It may be long first, but the time will come, and I can wait—I can wait—I can wait."

She sank back quite exhausted, as she repeated the last words again and again in a whisper, the last time almost inaudibly; and then, holding Bessy Studwick's hand tightly clasped to her bosom, her eyes closed, and she sank into the deep sleep of exhaustion, the first sleep that had visited the weary woman for three nights, while as the light from the cabin lamp fell athwart her pretty troubled face, Bessy knelt there watching her, passing her soft white hand across the forehead to sweep away the tangled locks. Then, as the time wore on, and the rippling, splashing noise of the water against the ship grew louder, and the footsteps on the deck grew less frequent, she listened for the

catching sighs that escaped at intervals from the young wife's lips, her own tears stealing gently down from time to time, as Hester murmured more than once the name which she had herself love to dream of.

"Poor Dutch! and he might have felt the same trouble perhaps about me," thought Bessy, as she bent over and kissed Hester's cheek, to feel the sleeping woman's arms steal round her neck for a moment, and then glide softly down again.

"No, no—it could not be true," she whispered again, as she knelt there watching hour after hour for Hester to awake, till her own head sank lower and lower, and at last she fell asleep by the suffering woman's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

The daisies sleep under the snow,
The pansies and violets blue
Have closed their sweet eyes to the light of the skies
As though of the winter they knew.

The robin and blue bird are fled,
And the lark has forgotten to sing,
The sunshine but seems the pale ghost of the gleams
That gladdened the far away spring.

All things are forgotten and sad,
And hushed is the pulse of the year,
But we know that the rest of Nature is blest,
And the time of awak'ning is near.

HASTEN SLOWLY.

BY M. M. E. B.

"YOU can do me a great favor to-day Mr. Williams," said a gentleman to an individual, whose weak point, was the opposite of that inculcated in "the more haste the less speed," which however, he did not know.

"I'm at your service," cried Mr. Williams, springing from his chair with alacrity, and putting on his hat.

"O, there's no hurry, my dear sir," replied the gentleman, smiling quietly. "Sit down here, and I will explain. I am too ill to go out this afternoon, and I shall feel greatly indebted to you for a little assistance." And he went on to detail the business which he desired attended to.

"I comprehend, Mr. Stanley—it shall be arranged to your satisfaction!" exclaimed the listener, evidently impatient to go.

"Are you sure you understand!" asked the other, earnestly.

"O yes! It don't take me long to get the force of an idea; my family are all quick-witted, and despatch business in no time. I'll be back immediately," rejoined the accommodating Mr. Williams.

"Well; number ninety-eight—don't forget," added Mr. Stanley, as he disappeared.

"I am certain he didn't hear that at all," he said, aloud. "It will be a wonder if he does the errand correctly. What a bustling man! But I don't care how quick he is about it."

The commission was an important one, and as illness had detained him, Mr. Stanley had been obliged, though reluctantly, to resign it to a second person; therefore he was naturally impatient to learn the result. He feared that Williams had not comprehended the idea, and would not be able to make out a clear statement.

This opinion was verified by his re appearance in half an hour, with his usual signs of haste and excitement.

"Back so soon!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Yes; I haven't been able to make the gentleman understand what you mean, and you'll have to be more explicit," returned the other, who was out of breath with fast walking.

"More explicit!" Why, I have stated all the particulars," said Stanley, with manifest surprise.

"Well, well, friend Stanley, never mind it," said Williams, good humoredly, "I'll get it right next time."

And so Mr. Stanley repeated the proposition and general instructions as patiently as he could, and off starts the willing messenger with nervous speed.

But the excitement of returning, the unusual attention he had given to the second description of his errand, and his assiduous attempts to retain minutest particulars of the same, combined to drive all idea of the locality where the gentleman could be found out of his mind. To be sure, he knew the street—but that was little or no clue. He might go back for the third time, but for reasons, which must be obvious, he did not feel inclined to do so; and so he went searching about, unsuccessfully, until near night, at last finding the place only to learn that the gentleman, who had waited as long as possible, had left town to be gone two weeks. Nothing remained to be done but report himself at headquarters, which he, with some embarrassment and hesitation, proceeded to do.

"I have no doubt you meant well, friend Williams," said Mr. Stanley, who heard his story in silence, "but through your inattentiveness and haste in the first instance, I have lost a chance worth a thousand dollars."

The speaker's tones were serious, and he looked much disappointed. Williams began at once to apologize, but the other begged that he would say nothing about it.

"It is past now and can't be helped," he added, "but in future, my friend, comprehend fully the idea you have in view before rushing headlong to execute it."

But the bustling man did not remember this advice a great while. He acted hastily and without thought, consequently things did not work to his mind, and his business was in much disorder and confusion. He took up a book sometimes, but he read so fast that he never retained its contents. He ate his food as though he had not a moment to live, and then wondered why his digestion was so poor. His wife hinted her opinion in reference to the subject, but Mr. Williams pronounced it a ridiculous idea, and one not worthy to be entertained by a person of sense.

"It's preposterous, my dear Fanny, to spend a couple of hour seating one's dinner, when fifteen minutes would answer the same purpose. I can't tolerate moderation; it's a sure sign of an indolent man."

"Moderation and indolence are two different things, Mr. Williams," said his wife, in a positive tone.

"They are just alike to me," was the tenacious rejoinder.

During this conversation, Mrs. Williams was carrying the dinner things into the kitchen, and her husband sat looking leisurely on.

"Now, what a long job you've made of that!" he resumed, after a moment's pause. "I should work in this way." And starting up, suddenly, he piled several plates upon his arm, took a large pitcher in one hand, and a bowl of gravy in the other, and started for the domestic locality we have named, determined upon setting, his wife a good example.

"Don't, husband—you'll let them fall!" expostulated Mrs. Williams, who feared for the safety of her new, bright carpet and her nice soup plates.

She had hardly spoken the words, when her youngest son, who was rushing into the room, boy-fashion, and her husband, who was rushing out, came in violent contact. In striving to save the plates, which began to slip, Mr. Williams relaxed his hold upon the bowl, and the greasy liquid streamed down his pants upon the carpet. The plates fell, in spite of his efforts, breaking two in their descent, while a closer examination disclosed a large crack in the pitcher.

"Haste makes waste, my son," observed his aged mother, who entered while Mr. Williams, his ardor rather cooled, was picking up pieces of the broken ware.

"It was all Charles's fault. I've told him many a time not to come into a room in that headstrong way," rejoined the father.

"You were going out quite as fast as he came in, husband; so don't blame the boy for following your example," remarked Mrs. Williams. "You know you can't tolerate moderation," she added, pointedly.

Our gentleman put on his hat, and left the house, not caring to hear the observations of his wife and mother. He took no blame to himself for the catastrophe, "as it would not undoubtedly have happened if he had not been interfered with."

"Be good enough to fix the stove this morning, Mr. Williams; Jane tells me there is danger of the leg coming out," said the wife of the bustling man, the next day.

He promised to attend to it that very minute, and taking a hammer entered the kitchen. Jane was not there, and not being overlooked, he concluded to put off fixing it very thoroughly until some other time. He was in a hurry, as usual, and so he struck the legs of the stove several smart blows, was sure it was all right, and complimented himself on the expedition he had used. In less than a week, Jane ran up the stairs, in great excitement, exclaiming:

"The stove has tumbled down, ma'am! the coffee and toast is all spilt, and I just missed getting a scald! I told you how it would be."

"The stove tumbled down! Why, husband, you said that you had seen to it some time ago," replied Mrs. Williams.

"And so I have," he rejoined, being pretty careful, however, not to say what he had done, or how he had "seen to it."

"Not thoroughly, or the accident would not have occurred," added Mrs. Williams, a little impatiently. "The legs should have been nailed down, and made quite fast. I presume to say that you wasn't ten minutes doing it."

"It's always so," muttered the girl, as she turned away. "Nothing goes right in this house. He does everything in such a hurry, and then makes a fuss if anybody complains. But he'll have to drink cold water this morning, and that's good enough for him!"

The morning meal was despatched by the family without the usual nice toast and delicious coffee, Mr. Williams saying but little, and his wife looking unusually serious. The former promptly despatched a man to put up the stove again, and his charge for that service, and repairing a lid, which was broken by the fall, was one dollar—a sum which, including time and trouble, could have been saved if Mr. Williams had not been in a hurry.

At another time, in a business transaction with a stranger, he was paid a certain amount of money in bank bills. With his customary thoughtlessness he rolled them up and quickly deposited them in his pocket-book, without even assuring himself that the sum was right. Two hours afterward he had occasion to pay out a small amount, and to his dismay found that twenty-five out of the fifty dollars he had received were counterfeit.

Too much haste had again proved unfortunate. Nobody pitied him, and many said "it served him right." Mr. Williams had many experiences of this nature, but they seemed to produce no lasting effect upon him. He continued to begin a great number of jobs, but never got time to finish any of them, and was too much hurried to give any matter a thorough investigation. He was his worst enemy, and cheated himself more than anybody else, by rushing with heedless eagerness into enterprises which he he had not coolly and calmly considered. He bustled about all his life, and died without realizing the truth of the old adage—"The more haste the less speed."

HE WOULD NOT.

BY C. A.

HE wouldn't get married; no, not he—he despised matrimony. It bound a fellow hand and foot, it tied him up forever to troubles of one sort or another. O, it was a despicable thing—this matrimony; he'd keep clear of it, he warranted that!

And who was *he*? Some cynical or stoical old bachelor, so ugly in person, so whimsical in tastes, that he stood no chance of winning a lady fair, unless, indeed, he outlived the more gainly, the more loveable portion of his sex, and were "that last man" of whom there has been a deal of prating. Ah, no, not *he;* but a young, fine-looking fellow, with a face that would delight an artist—so charming in profile, with such dark, lustrous eyes, such a noble brow, and such a wealth of the deepest shade of auburn hair clustering about it in the grace of negligence. His, too, was a splendid figure; and well did he know how to set it off to best advantage. Nature, too, had kindly given him brains—not a mere moiety, but a generous lot—and well and carefully had he improved them. Moreover he was rich.

"You would make a glorious good husband," exclaimed his cousin Mary to him one day as he entered her parlor bearing a whole budget of trifles she had commissioned her husband to bring, but which, as Edward knew he would forget, he had trembled himself to remember. "You have such a memory, Ned. O dear, if Will had but a memory! If you hadn't been my cousin, Ned, I should have set my cap for you."

"Don't you wish you hadn't been my cousin. Suppose you had set your cap and hadn't caught me, what then? Would you have died of broken heart, cos?"

"But I would have caught you, Ned. Nay, never look so confident about it, as though it were impossible for a lady to storm your castled affections, and bear them off with the blush of victory on her cheek. Your heart is not so impregnable as you think, sir. You will never die a bachelor—a grandfather you may."

"Never," said Edward, with much earnestness. "Why, woman, are you mad? Would you despoil your firstborn of his princely heritage? Have I not made my will, and in that precious piece of parchment bequeathed, upon my decease, all that I own to this bonny wee cos of mine?—this Will, one curl of whose head is worth more than the tresses of a thousand maidens?"

"Five years from this and little Will may whistle for his share of your estates! A little, dark-eyed, princely-looking youngster, answering to the *nomen* of Ned Somers will claim it all, unless, indeed, some fairy-like sister should cry for a division of the spoils."

"You'll clear me out, now," exclaimed the youthful bachelor, tossing Will into his mother's lap—"a wife and a twain of little ones at the first glimpse into futurity! Don't take a second peep, Moll, for worlds—I beg you, don't!" And he hurried off into the street;

* * * * *

"You look very happy, cousin Moll," said Edward, as he entered her parlor one day and found her folding a newly-received letter; "guess you have some good news."

"Guess I have, Ned—news that will interest you, too. A young, beautiful and highly accomplished lady, an old schoolmate of mine, is coming here next week to pay me a long promised visit."

"And I must look out for my heart, must I?"

"Ah, no, that's the best of it, and that's what I want to tell you. She writes," reading from the letter, "you used to laugh at me, Mary, because I inveighed so terribly about matrimony, and say, in spite of all my protestations, that I would be a bride ere I were out of my teens. But you were wrong. I have seen twenty-two summers, and daily do I rejoice that I am yet a maiden. Tell me not of wedded bliss; you can never tempt me from my resolution to remain fancy free." Surrounded by my books, and using as feeling prompts my pencil or my pen, free to come and go when I care, I know that I am happier far than if bound by nuptial vows to the wilful passion of a man, tied hand and foot by domestic duties, 'servant to a wooden cradle.'"

"There, that'll do, little cos," exclaimed Ned, with a mocking laugh, "don't, I pray you, read any farther, or I shall fall in love with this friend of yours, on account of her good sense. When is she to make her appearance? I am impatient to see her—a woman that wont get married. Pray, did she ever have an offer?—a bona fide one, I mean?"

"Yes, indeed; to my certain knowledge she has sent six suitors off distracted. Take care she don't send you!"

The maiden came at the appointed time, and greatly indeed was the young bachelor disappointed in her appearance. Instead of the lank, awkward, ugly-looking spinster he had expected to see—for he had somehow, in spite of his cousin's description, formed the idea that none but such a woman would protest so earnestly against wedded life,—instead of such, he beheld one of the most fairy-like creatures that ever flitted in a poet's mind when he dreampt "of fair women." Such was Ella Stanley, the maiden who had forsworn matrimony.

"What think you of her?" asked Mrs. Lee, of her cousin, the first time they were alone.

"She is angelic," was the earnest answer. "It will do for me to offer such attentions," he would say to cousin Mary, "because, though young, I am not a marrying man."

Cousin Mary laughed in her sleeve, but, like a prudent woman, never said a word.

Thus matters passed along some months, when one morning, as Edward called to take Ella out to ride, his cousin met him at the door, and with a face that expressed much anxiety told him the lady was quite ill.

"Ill! why, Mary! Ella ill! Why didn't you let me know it. Have you sent for a physician?"

"We have done all we can for her. She was taken suddenly and violently last night; but the doctor says, if kept perfectly quiet, she will be out in a few days."

"I think I'll stay with you to day, Mary, and help keep Willie still, for he is a little noisy fellow, you know, and I can manage him better than any of you."

"I shall be glad to have you;" and, in spite of her anxiety,—for Ella had been for a few hours very sick,—an arch smile dimpled the lips of the young matron as she ushered Edward into the nursery.

Most patiently did he play with the little teasing fellow committed to his charge. Never a cry from the baby-boy disturbed the sick maiden's rest that day, nor on the four succeeding ones that intervened ere she was convalescent; and no lover could have seemed happier than Edward when Ella appearing at the parlor door, attended by his cousin, he begged and obtained permission to lead the pale maiden to her alcove seat.

Many an hour had Edward beguiled of loneliness, in the months just passed, by his rare conversational powers, and perchance that was the reason why Ella should now in that low, sweet voice say, "Talk to me."

But it was strange, it was "passing strange," that then, just when he wanted to converse more eagerly than ever in his life before, he could not speak a word.

By-and-by the maiden looked up, as if amazed at the silence of her friend. His lustrous eyes were bent upon her—and O, it was strange that other than a lover's eyes should beam with such tender glances! And strange it was, too, that one who had resolved to be ever "fancy free," should so blush and quiver!

"I must keep my gentle charge quiet, or cousin Mary will complain," whispered Edward, as he marked the trembling creature, and strangely like a love tone sounded his voice; and then he imprisoned the tiny white hand, and breathed a few words in the maiden's ear. Mesmeric words they doubtless were, and uttered only to soothe the fevered pulse. Effectual were they if that were the case, for the hand soon lay quiet within his own, and the thin, white fingers, were passive, even though Edward slipped upon one a costly ring, which he *happened* to have bought that very morn.

"The doctor has just gone away," said Mrs. Lee to her cousin, as he entered the parlor on the next morning; "and he says Ella must take a journey forthwith—that a change of air will recruit her quicker than anything else. But she is too feeble to travel alone, and neither Willie nor myself can go with her. What shall we do?"

"Send me," was the brief reply.

"I would; but I fear one thing."

"Name it, sweet cos."

"That you would get married before you came back?"

"Nay, nay, sweet cos, I would get married before I went!"

And so he did, and five years after little Willie did whistle for his share of cousin Ned's estate—"a little dark-eyed, princely looking youngster, with a fairy-like creature of a sister" Ella, laid legal claims to it all, and right joyfully were those claims acknowledged.

THE OLD AND NEW.

There rushes out a tangled web,
  There floats a twisted skein,
The waves are bearing on their ebb
  More than they'll bring again;
There whirls a host of doubts and fears,
  The hopes of many a day;
Then rolleth out a tide of tears;—
  So flies the year away.

Here bloweth in, all fresh and free,
  A strange, mysterious air;
With bursts of music and of glee,
  With gusts of grief and care;—
It bears a welcome on its wings,
  A greeting on its breath;
It speaks to us of coming things—
  Of Love, of Life, of Death!

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Very solitary and sad, she sat listlessly, with hands lying on her lap, and eyes fixed on the strip of grey sky hanging over the noisy street; and slowly, slowly the visions of the past rose and fell, while the future seemed dark and uncertain as the path of a ship upon an unknown sea.

"Ah! I thought you would be dull," cried a cheery voice.

Through the dim doorway and the dusty twilight there came two figures, growing gradually into the shapes of Tom Singleton and his sister Alice.

"Yes, I was sure you would feel dull and tired," continued Tom. "Every one does when they first come to London; it is such a great lonely place, you see. So I have brought my sister, and if you would like to take a little walk, I think you will find the air will do you good."

Madeline felt it would be an inexpressible relief to escape from this stifling atmosphere of loneliness and too much thought, but she hesitated to except Tom Singleton's escort. He perceived this instantly.

"I am not going with you," he said smilingly. "I will only see you and Alice safely to the park gates, and I will come there again and fetch you in an hour's time."

Almost ashamed now of her ungraciousness, Madeline gladly accepted this arrangement. In the street there was still plenty of light, and the park was even bright with evening sunshine, and gay with all the rank and fashion of London. It was such a contrast with the dull, dismal room at the inn, where she had sat alone with the heart ache, that it was scarcely possible to help feeling a little grateful to Tom Singleton.

"Your brother seems very kind-hearted," said Madeline.

"Have you found that out already?" asked Alice, staring at her in an odd way. "You'll say more than that of him when you know him half as well as I do. Here, you know, we are a queer pair, you and I; if you feel ashamed of me, we can go over there under those trees."

"I am not ashamed of you," returned Madeline.

The outspoken Alice looked at her again in an odder way than ever.

"Ah I see," said she, "you are too proud to be ashamed of a little shabby girl. Tom isn't ashamed of me either—he often brings me here; but then he isn't ashamed out of kindness, not for pride, like you. Look! there's the Prince of Wales! Do you think him handsome?"

"Yes," said Madeline, doubtfully.

"Then I don't," observed Alice, in a downright way. "People say he is the first gentleman in the world; but he doesn't behave half so much like a gentleman as Tom does. I should like to see him working hard to keep a sickly mother, and three dirty little half brothers and sisters. Bless you! he wouldn't do it."

"Very few would," said Madeline, softly.

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?" asked Alice, abruptly.

"No," replied Madeline.

"Well, unless they were like Tom, I don't know that you lose very much by not having them," remarked the girl, with a tremendous assumption of wisdom. "And I think I can say the same thing with regard to fathers. Fathers now, if they drink and get into mischief, ain't much in a family. I know your father is dead—mine isn't. He comes home sometimes, and troubles me and Tom terribly. If there was a good big tombstone over him, I don't know that I should mind much. But where is your mother?—She isn't dead, is she?"

"I have never heard that she is," replied Madeline, hurrying on faster.

"I am a dreadful girl," continued Alice, peering up into Madeline's face with a grim smile. "I know that there is not a more curious girl than me in London. Directly a parcel comes into the house I cut the twine—snap. I can't wait a second till I know what's in it. And I'm just the same about people. I want to find out all about 'em directly I see 'em. I'm sure there's some secret about your mother, because I heard my mother whispering to Tom about her. And I mean to get at it some way, so you may just as well tell me right out at once as have the screwing it out of you by degrees."

"I have nothing to tell you," replied Madeline; "for it would be very useless to say that you are talking rudely, even cruelly. You are too young to understand me."

"No, I ain't," struck in Alice. "And you don't think so, either. You think I'm too common, too ill-bred to understand a lady like you. That's your thought. You might as well have spoke it out as put it on your face so plain that a horse might read it."

Madeline could not help a smile at this, and Alice grew instantly more gracious.

"I dare say you are right," she said. "I am almost as vulgar as I can well be. Tom is the only diamond amongst us, I can tell you. He ordered me to be civil to you, and I'm sure I've tried to be. I'd let the wheels of all those carriages go over me, if it would please Tom; and I wouldn't have asked you about your mother, if I had known it would hurt you."

"Let us make peace, then," said Madeline, offering her hand to this queer specimen of girlhood. Alice took it, staring curiously at the dainty glove which covered it.

"Now, I'll tell you a secret," she said. "Tom is waiting at the park gate this while; it is all nonsense about business, and coming after us: he is simply standing there, patient as Job. And I hope you'll thank him; if you don't, I know I shall have just as queer thoughts about your breeding as you had about mine."

Madeline did thank him; and as they entered the inn, on their return home, she gave him her hand with a grateful look, while Mr. Rathline, furtively watching from the coffee-room window, secretly backed Tom Singleton to win against all odds.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAURICE PELLEW lived in chambers, and he came hurrying down the grimy stairs at about ten o'clock in the morning, he hustled a lank individual bustling upwards in breathless excitement. It was the man in whose charge he had left Mr. Rathline.

"What are you doing here?" cried Maurice, angrily, as he recognized him. "I told you never to leave your charge for an instant."

"He ain't in my charge now," returned the man. "Here's a letter."

Maurice tore it open eagerly, and read this:—

"DEAR SIR,—A relentless fate pursues me. It is ever the virtuous who are the sport of fortune. I was arrested this morning in my bed for the paltry sum of fifteen pounds twelve shillings and tenpence. A mere tavern score, sir; a contemptible debt I had forgotten. When will my enemies give me rest? Oh! that I had the wings of a bird. Please send a couple of guineas by the bearer; and oblige me by coming speedily to the rescue of

"Your very obedient servant,
"RICHARD RATHLINE.

"P.S.—Your bail will be accepted, even if detainers arrive, which, to be candid, I expect; for my enemies are legion, and their spite and malice against an unoffending man are past belief."

Excessively annoyed, Maurice Pellew thrust this note into his pocket, and contented himself by sending one guinea to Mr. Rathline, with a message to say he would call to see him on the following day.

"The longer the fellow is in 'durance vile,' and the more desperate he is, the easier will it be to wring this secret from him," thought Maurice. And in this belief he let that day go by, and also the next, without troubling himself respecting Mr. Rathline.

"He is safe enough," said Maurice, complacently. "He can't escape me now, and a little imprisonment and anxiety will do him good."

So, in the hope of bestowing some wholesome discipline on the swaggerer for the benefit of his impudent nature, Maurice Pellew refused his request, sent by a second messenger in the evening, for the loan of another guinea, and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties to be bailed out at once.

The state of the law sixty years ago is a matter of wonder to us of the present day. Yet the people seem to have borne with it patiently, and, like Goldsmith's imprisoned soldier, they still believed that England was the land of liberty. Politicians from hustings and hall declaimed to the crowd that freedom was an Englishman's birthright; and although the jails were full, although any man might be deprived of his liberty on the mere affidavit of a creditor, although poor debtors languished and died in prison, the crowd believed the statement, and shouted the parrot-cry back in triumph. As for the penal code, it was simply murderous; and in reading of it now, although we marvel at the number slain by the gallows, we marvel more how any man, being poor, suspected, and accused, could escape the hangman's hands. Such escape would have been rare indeed but for that natural sympathy with the criminal which is the inevitable result of sanguinary laws.

It was to this sympathy—exaggerated in her case—that Maurice attributed Madeline's unwillingness to yield up Mr. Rathline's accomplice to justice. That the hawker was his accomplice he never doubted, and that he was now willing to sell his friend, if he could so with safety to himself, he never doubted either. And being resolved to bring the bargain to a successful conclusion, he was careful, in his visits to Madeline, not to mention Mr. Rathline, or in any way arouse her suspicions concerning him. He therefore avoided all allusion to the subject, which they had discussed so angrily on the day of her arrival. This made their interviews all the pleasanter, although it could not take from the hearts of either the painful, secret conviction of a silent antagonism. Madeline, however, on her part, was glad of this rest. It seemed like a few days truce between two battles, for she could not blind herself to the fact, that she and Maurice were at issue on a point, where neither would give way an inch, and the day of warfare between them must come sooner or later.

Here in London, with the hard, practical world all around her, Madeline confessed to herself that the course she had taken appeared too romantic, too generous, too daring even—for how could she presume to ignore laws and customs, and pass sentence singly on that careless, selfish culprit?—but down in Cornwall, by the wild sea, with solitary heath and hill spread around her, and one careworn, sorrow-stricken face pleading silently for life and pity, the path she had followed seemed the only one possible; and the lenient sentence to which Lord Crehylls had himself consented, was the mildest justice, and the sole form of justice, to which her heart could agree. If Maurice would only understand that she was right, and generously leave her unquestioned, how relieved and thankful she would be! But Maurice had no thought of this; he was only gathering his forces for a harder battle.

In those days the post was so slow—though that generation considered it fast,—that Maurice had been obliged to consent to Madeline's lonely stay at the hotel, as he could scarcely expect his letter would recall his mother back from Hastings under a week. Great was his surprise, then, when a note reached him, saying she was at home, and wished to see him instantly. The messenger bringing this had followed him to the inn, where he was paying his daily visit to Madeline. He read out the news joyfully.

"Let me call a coach, and go with me at once to Harley Street," he said. "It irritates me to see you here, Madeline, so lonely and unprotected."

"I am quite safe," she answered; "and before going to your mother's, I think I had better wait for an invitation."

She had remarked that the letter contained none; Maurice had not observed this.

"Are you so ceremonious?" he asked, with a vexed air. "Well, I'll go at once, and bring my mother to fetch you in an hour."

He bent over her, and kissed her. Madeline took the kiss a little coldly, a little proudly. A whisper in her own heart told her that Mrs. Pellew's sudden return could not mean hospitality and kindness to her. Gradually, day by day: there crept upon her the conviction that the forlorn Miss Sherborne was not so welcome a guest as Miss Sylvester, of Penkivel; and she did not hope to find Maurice's worldly family more generous than others.

* * * * *

Mrs. Pellew rushed forward to meet her son, with an open letter in her hand. She looked excited and weary, full of fuss and amazement.

"Read this!" she cried. "Your father sent me up to town directly I received it. I got it the same day I had yours. As to returning to London, Maurice, that is quite impossible at present; and I suppose you'll hardly wish it when you have read this."

She put the letter in his hand, and sat down, fanning herself excitedly. The letter was from Lady Crehylls, and Maurice read it with a haste, terror, and indignation, indescribable.

"My dear Mrs. Pellew," she wrote, "it is my painful duty to apprise you of my sorrow, else, heaven knows, I would willingly keep silent. But it is right your son should know, that the woman to whom he has given his affection is utterly unworthy of him. She has alienated my husband's heart from me, and not content with making me feel her influence in daily unkindness and coldness, she has now persuaded him to leave his home for ever. This he acknowledged to me himself, in a parting and cruel interview, wherein he confessed that her power over him was so great, that he quitted me for ever in obedience to her wish. I am too wretched, too distracted, to enter more fully into details. I am bereaved both of husband and child. My beautiful boy is lost! Whether Madeline Sylvester has stolen him from motives of revenge, and love of power, I know not; or whether he be dead—murdered—I cannot say. My days and nights have passed in an anguish beyond words to tell. But I do not write to speak of my sorrow or of myself. I simply send you a word of warning. I am aware that Miss Sylvester is gone to London: but her journey is but a *ruse;* she will doubtless meet Lord Crehylls at some appointed place; therefore, be on your guard against her protestations of innocence, supposing she dares to make them.

"A report is spread in this county that my husband was on board the revenue cutter, which is gone down with all hands on board. I take no heed of this story, not even to contradict it. I know from my husband's own lips that he left me at Madeline Sylvester's commands. I tell you this only for your own sake, and implore you, by all you hold dear, to keep this sorrowful fact a secret. Let me spare my husband's name. Give me this sad satisfaction: it is all I can do for him now. He will come back to me one day and thank me.

"Far and near the rich and the poor alike are searching the country for my darling boy; and I pass every hour of the miserable day in an alternate fever of hope and despair. As if this were not enough to crush me, my dear father lies hopelessly ill. The day after that terrible girl quitted my house, I happen to know a letter was brought to him from her by Grace Chagwynne, an old servant of the Crehylls family. This agitated him most fearfully; but he would not speak of the circumstance to me, and he even denied having heard from her. Then the loss of the child being made known to him, his illness increased greatly, till at last, while conversing on business with some stranger, foolishly admitted to his room, he fell senseless, and has remained so ever since.

"Whether I am mad or sane I scarcely know, I am stupefied by grief; my faculties are mercifully benumbed, otherwise I believe heart and brain would give way. I have sent a messenger to Oxford for Mr. Crehylls, my husband's brother. I shall put everything into his hands. I feel unfit for worldly cares. The great cry for my soul is for my child. Let me only have my boy restored to me, and I will go back to Penkivel with him and my stricken father, and there try to hide my broken heart from the world.

"My dear friend, do me one kindness. If your son sees that cruel woman, tell him to intreat her to be satisfied with having wrecked my peace; tell him to implore her to give me back my child. If she will show me this mercy, I will try to forgive her. If she will promise even that I will not molest her, but I will trust to God only to bring me back in time the heart of my poor, lost Geoffrey. In full reliance on your sympathy and your silence, I am, dear Mrs. Pellew, your distracted friend,

"AGATHA CREHYLLS."

"P.S. If Madeline Sylvester will take money, offer her money,—any sum she pleases, in return for my child."

"There! what do you think of that!" cried Mrs. Pellew, as her son, with trembling hands and ashy face, laid the letter on the table before him.

"I think Lady Crehylls is mad," he said, slowly. "The loss of her child has turned her brain. I have seen Madeline every day since she came to London. She is as innocent as you or I."

"Is not her coming to London a suspicious circumstance?" returned Mrs. Pellew. "She may be lingering here a few days only to blind you."

"Mother!" exclaimed Maurice.

"My dear," replied his mother, "a little indignation on your part is not surprising; but depend on it you throw it away. Lady Crehylls would never have written that letter unless it was true."

Maurice gazed at her in a silence full of doubt and agony; his mental faculties for the moment were overwhelmed, and he had not the power to form a sentence.

"I may as well tell you now frankly," continued the fashionable and worldly Mrs. Pellew, "that your father and I consider it, on the whole, fortunate that you are freed from this unlucky engagement. We were unwilling to quarrel with you on account of it, but an alliance with a Sherborne would have ruined you."

"Mother," said Maurice, in a hoarse voice "you liked Madeline once. You invited her here always; it is your fault if I loved her."

"My dear boy," responded Mrs. Pellew, quite unabashed, "Miss Sylvester, the daughter of a rich Indian nabob, the ward of Mr. Lanyon, of Penkivel, was a person worth cultivating. I am not responsible for her being an impostor.' I never thought she would turn out to be the daughter of such a dreadful creature as Walter Sherborne. I object to her on account of the highly disagreeable story connected with that name; I object to her still more as an impostor; and I object to her most of all as a disreputable young woman who—"

She stopped, for Maurice had started up, and held his hand towards her, imploring silence.

"You need not be so violent, Maurice," she continued, in an aggrieved voice, as her fan went more hurriedly than ever. "I object to violence; it is ungentlemanly; especially when shown by a son to his mother; and I have full warrant for what I say. Here is Lady Crehylls's statement; and if that is not enough, here is your own."

"Mine!" exclaimed her son.

"Yes, yours," she replied. "You wrote and told me she had flung off Mr. Lanyon's protection, and was here in London at an inn, without means, and positively alone. Alone!—a girl of her age! and receiving

your visits, I suppose. It is positively disgusting. And do you believe any woman in her senses would thrust herself out of house and home: being penniless too: unless she had something to fall back upon? In a word are you so blind as to believe she would quit Mr. Lanyon and all her chances of a good portion, unless she was half crazed by love for Lord Crehylls, and knew at all events that he would take care of her?"

Mrs. Pellew asked the question with withering scorn; but her son did not answer her. He seized his hat and rushed from the house like a man out of his mind with some sudden and desperate sorrow.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Maurice reached the street he called a coach and flung himself into it. His first impulse was to seek Madeline; but as he drove towards the inn his mood changed. The whole story was incredible—a mad, blind, foolish fit of jealousy on the part of Lady Crehylls: and he would not insult Madeline by a single question or doubt. Then suddenly he remembered with a fierce throb of the heart, that Mr. Rathline had insolently said something of the same kind; so he instantly resolved he would go to him, and demand an explanation. In the whirlwind of his fury and his pain, Maurice thought of grappling with the swaggerer with a sensation of relief. He could say nothing to Lady Crehylls, and with his mother he must bear patiently; but he could wreak his indignation upon this low slanderer, and force him either to retract his words, or else to relate truly the substance of what he had heard at Crehylls. So the horses' heads were turned towards Chancery Lane, and very soon Maurice alighted at one of those dens in Cursitor Street, appropriately termed sponging houses.

"I wish to see Mr. Rathline," he said, in a quick, sharp voice, when the chained door was at last unlocked, and a grimy individual, of a sallow aspect, opened it just sufficiently to show his own suspicious countenance.

"Mr. Rathline!" exclaimed the yellow face; "now, don't thay, my dear, that you are come with newth of another detainer—now don't thay that."

"I have no intention of saying it," returned Maurice. "I want to see him, that is all."

"Well, I'm glad it'th no worthe," observed the grimy man, putting a thick finger by the side of his hooked nose in a leering and cunning way; "becauth I wath afraid you might be a creditor; and in that cathe it would be a loth to you and me, don't yer thee."

"I don't see," replied Maurice. "Will you let me pass? I am in a hurry."

"Then you are creditor!" cried the man, opening the door a little wider in his excitement. "Oh dear! what a pity you didn't come a little thooner; Mr. Rathline wath bailed out an hour ago, and all the feeth paid."

The news made Maurice stagger.

"Where is he gone?" he cried eagerly.

The man put his finger on his nose again.

"Where ith he gone?" he said. "Ah! it ain't likely he'll let uth know where he'th gone—not if he can help it, you underthtand. But there, you go and lodge your affidavy, and give uth the writ and I think we'll find him. That'th our buthineth, you know, to find people."

"Who were Mr. Rathline's bail?" asked Maurice.

"Well," said the man, "he wath a respectable man, a tharp-faced man, called Whalley. He wath the rethponthible party, you thee. The other wath a regular bailer—one of the fellows hanging about the court, you know, who would bail Old Nick for five thillings."

Baffled and angry with himself at the false feeling of security which had made him delay his interview with Mr. Rathline, Maurice asked a few other eager questions but could elicit nothing to give him a clue to the swaggerer's haunts.

"To think such a fellow should have a friend!" he said, angrily. "I never expected he'd get bail. Who is this Mr. Whalley?"

"A country party," said the bailiff, "a green, I expect."

"No doubt of that," returned Maurice. "He'll be hunting for this scamp by and by to make him surrender to his bail. When you have him let me know, and I'll pay you better."

"Get your writ then, my dear, and we'll find him," remarked the grimy man with great confidence.

"Unfortunately I can't take that advice," said Maurice; "Mr. Rathline owes me nothing."

The yellow individual's countenance fell considerably, and it was evident his interest in Maurice decreased instantly.

"That'th a pity," he answered. "But if you want him very particular, you might get your writ all the thame. An affidavy can be managed—there'th plenty will be glad to do it for a pound."

At this mild suggestion of forgery, Maurice shook his head, and retreated to his coach.

"Well," observed the grimy individual, following him, anxiously, "make it ten pound, and we'll nab him. Only you thee, with a writ, our fellowth do it profethionally with more heart; you can't expect without a writ to have it done tho quick, or tho well."

"For ten pounds, I shall expect Mr. Rathline to be found in a week," returned Maurice, as he got into the coach. "Bring him to this address, when you get him."

He put his card into the Jew's hand and drove off.

"Now, vy didn't I ask him twenty pound?" cried the Hebrew, remorsefully, as he closed the door behind his own yellow countenance and so vanished within his den.

The disappointment he had just met with in Mr. Rathline's escape added a tongue of fire to the burning of jealousy, anger and doubt in Maurice Pellew's mind. The shade of coldness in Madeline's manner, her obstinate refusal to give him her confidence respecting her discovery, or pretended discovery of the Carbis mystery, her firm resolve never to return to Penkivel, her confession that Lady Crehylls had commanded her to leave the castle, rushed upon his memory now, like so many proofs of guilt, till there seemed to blaze up in his heart a great pile of evidence, before which his love shrank and perished.

"Are you come for me?" said Madeline, advancing to the door to meet him. "I see you have brought a coach. I suppose your mother was too tired to come with you? Oh! I shall be so glad to find myself safe under her care."

She looked agitated—even frightened; but Maurice, overwhelmed by his own emotion, did not perceive hers.

"Madeline," he exclaimed, "I am nearly bereft of sense and reason. My mother refuses to receive you—refuses to even see you; she accuses you of a fearful crime. She dares to say you have destroyed the happiness of Lady Crehylls for ever."

Gazing at him, with the color slowly fading from her face, but with the shadow of a cold resolve hardening every line, Madeline listened to this in perfect silence.

"Have you nothing to say? he cried, madly. "Speak, Madeline, if you have any heart or pity!"

"What can I say?" she replied, proudly. "Do you expect me to go upon my knees to entreat your mother to be gracious to me? I warned you long ago that as a Sherborne I should be despised."

"Are you fencing with me? said Maurice suppressing his passion by an intense effort of will. "This accusation respecting Lord Crehylls—answer that, Madeline, I implore you."

"I cannot answer it, she returned calmly.

"You cannot!" he cried.

"No; I cannot, she replied; "or, rather, let me speak the truth bravely, I will not. If Lady Crehylls is unhappy, the fault is her husband's, not mine."

This reply entered the ears of Maurice Pellew, stabbing his heart as it came. Had a pistol been in his hand, he might have shot the girl who spoke to him thus, while she, utterly unconscious of his jealousy, gazed at him in innocent wonder and fear.

"Am I to understand," he said, with white lips, "that this is the only answer you intend to give me?"

Madeline was trembling now. The battle she had dreaded was pressing hotly upon her, before she had gathered her forces to meet it: the hand she held towards her lover shook and quivered—so did her voice when she spoke softly.

"I can tell you nothing more, Maurice—nothing," said she. "Trust me, or let us part."

"It is easy for a heartless woman to talk of parting," said Maurice, beside himself with the anguish of jealousy and scorn. "As to trusting you, it seems mine has been a fool's trust—a blind, mad, idiot trust—and I am punished as I deserved to be. Like father, like daughter. There is rakish blood in you, Miss Sherborne."

At this dreadful insult Madeline started to her feet, with cheeks on fire and eyes blazing, but not a word came from her parched throat. She was choking, and the room seemed on fire.

"Why did I love a Sherborne?" continued Maurice, trembling with rage. "Would to Heaven I had never seen your fair false face!"

"You are insulting me like a coward?" said Madeline, scornfully: "but I deserve it. I might have known a worldly man like you would soon repent of your rash love for a girl whose very name is a reproach. Yet I am not ashamed of being a Sherborne, Mr. Pellew; and I will keep my name. You are free—you have always been free. There was no need of a quarrel to cancel our foolish engagement."

She walked towards the door, but Maurice stood before her, barring the way.

"If a woman can interpret a man ungenerously, she never loses an opportunity of doing so," he said, bitterly. "Madeline, answer me one question. Has Lord Crehylls quitted his home at your desire?"

They stood face to face; he, white and trembling; she, pale and resolute.

"If I say yes," she answered, "what then? It can alter nothing between us."

"But do you say it?" he cried, fiercely. "Do you say yes?"

Madeline bowed her head in assent. She was marble white now, and her eyes were bent on the ground; she could not look on Maurice Pellew's face and part with him. There was a moment's silence; her confession had struck him dumb with agony and rage.

"Maurice," she said, in a low tone, "I foresaw this breach between us, yet I could not stop in the course I had resolved on. I told Lord Crehylls this would part you and me for ever. But I had hoped to part friends. I did not expect insult and contempt," she added; and her words were like a knife to Maurice.

"You told Lord Crehylls that this would part us!" he exclaimed in intense anger. "It was very unnecessary information, Miss Sherborne, I should think. And as for the friendliness you expected from me, I cannot see your claim to it."

"Then neither can I," she answered, sorrowfully. "Let me pass. Why should we prolong this terrible scene?"

But to prolong its torture, is the very thing jealousy demands; so Maurice had no thought of permitting her to leave him thus.

"Stop!" he cried, wildly? "I entreat you to reflect before you persist in this dreadful course."

"It is too late to reflect," she replied, as she wrung her hands together tightly. "I counted the cost long ago. I know what I do, and what I have done."

"Great Heavens!" cried Maurice. "Then Lord Crehylls is a villain!—a despicable, cowardly villain!"

Madeline was silent. The thought of all that she had lost to spare this careless man the degradation of the law shook her soul, and for a moment her resolve tottered before her anguish. The next instant Maurice himself had strengthened it.

"I say he is a villain," he continued; "but still, his wife loves him. Think, Miss Sherborne, of the crime you commit when you separate man and wife. Turn back for Lady Crehylls' sake, if not for your own."

"Is Lady Crehylls always to be considered?" returned Madeline, indignantly, "and myself never? Is the wrong Lord Crehylls does his wife so great or so terrible as the many wrongs he has done to me? You plead foolishly when you plead for that pampered and spoiled idol, Agatha Crehylls. I have no sympathy to give her—positively none."

"Are you so infatuated?" cried Maurice, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand. "Are you so hard, so cruel, so lost? And will you let me ask you one bitter question, Miss Sherborne? What was your love for me worth, that not one softening or pure thought interposed to hold you back from this desperate path?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

In Siberia you can buy beef for two cents a pound, a goose for twelve cents, a chicken for four cents, a horse for $5, and 361 pounds of corn for six cents, and you can shoot bears out of your parlor window.

Where Lucifer Fell.—Native tradition in Cabul claims an antiquity of six thousand years for that city, as well as the doubtful distinction of its being the precise spot upon which Lucifer alighted when he fell from heaven.

Newspapers In France.—In France there are 938 political newspapers. Each has had to deposit a sum of money with the Government as security for good behaviour. The total sum thus sunk is given as £363,732.

The Names of Tea.—Congou is a corruption of Kungfu, which signifies Labor. Souchong means Little Sprout; Pekoe, White Down. The Wuhee Hills on which Bohea is produced, give it its name. Oolong signifies Black Dragon; Hungnoey Red Plum; Hyson, Fair Spring; and Twankay, Beacon Brook. Young Hyson is called by the Chinese Yutsceu, or Before the Rains.

Dutch Letter Boxes.—Letter boxes in Rotterdam are differently worked from those in America. There a letter case which exactly fits within the box is used. When the door is opened the case is removed bodily, and another is substituted. The case cannot be opened by the letter-carrier, but remains closed until carried to the head office. Thus all fear of tampering with the letter is removed, and risk of loss is averted.

The Batavian Way.—The Malayan policemen of Batavia are armed with a singular weapon—a pitchfork. It is not, speaking correctly, a weapon at all, either of offence or defence. It is the policeman's aid. When at night he meets a drunken sailor, noisy and obstinate, the policeman puts the fork around "Jack's" neck, and makes him walk along. That Jack may move along willingly the points of the fork are curved inward. If he tries to escape, or moves his head violently, he tears his neck. He may advance slowly, but move he must, and in the way the propelling policeman directs.

Mathematical Curiosities.—Washington was born in the year 1732. Washington was always "on the square," and the square root of 3 is 1,732, a remarkable coincidence. As a further proof we observe that 1732 is the sum of 1,296,400, and 36, all perfect squares. Let us give to each letter of the alphabet a number representing A by 1, B by 2, C by 3, and so on to the end. Then the sum of all the numbers belonging to the letters in the word Washington is 130. Similarly the sum of the numbers belonging to the word Columbus is 106. Columbus discovered America in 1492. The most perfect square number is 4. Now add together 130, 106, 1,492, and 4, and you will get 1732, the year of Washington's birth, and this is another coincidence.

He Kept his Word.—Of Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, it is remembered that for several years before his death he never wore a collar, appearing thus unadorned at his levees on all occasions. Few men knew the strange reason for this. He had a neighbor whom he liked exceedingly, and who was on the way to become a confirmed drunkard. With this man the Governor remonstrated warmly, until at last the listener answered, "I will never drink again if you will never again wear a collar." "Agreed," said the Governor. Each kept his word; the man was saved, and the Governor paid no manner of attention to the sometimes sharp criticisms upon his apparent carelessness in his dress.

Onions.—Who would believe that this much execrated and oderiferous vegetable, which is thought to be so vulgar here in America, forms a staple article of food in Italy, sunny Italy, that land of flowers, art and song? It does, though, and no Italian thinks a meal complete without it, or, better still to him, the garlic, which is an hundredfold more profound, in the way of fragrance. With bread—black bread—and garlic or onions, and a few grapes, an Italian will shrive and be happy; and from the bracing effects of the above diet flows such music, such song, such sculptured ideals of heavenly beauty, as ravish the heart of the foreigner, who turns up his nose at the diet, but receives the creations of the partaker thereof with open arms and pockets.

Emblems of Love.—Roses are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon Midsummer Eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas Day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water, that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose-leaves upon a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

A King's Table.—The table of Frederick of Prussia was regulated by himself. There were always from nine to a dozen dishes, and these were brought in one at a time. The King carved the solitary dish, and helped the company. One singular circumstance connected with this table was, that each dish was cooked by a different cook, who had a kitchen to himself. There was too much consequent expense, with little magnificence. Frederick ate and drank, too, like a boon companion. His last work, before retiring to bed, was to receive from the chief cook the bill of fare for the next day; the price of each dish, and its separate ingredients, was marked on the margin. The monarch looked it cautiously through, generally made out an improved edition, cursed all cooks as common thieves, and then flung down the money for the next days's expenses.

The Piano Forte.—The first principle of the piano is as old as the first love on earth. It begins with the lyre which Mercury invented and gave to the lover, Apollo. We may trace the first principle of the piano to the stretched string; then comes the lyre, and next the harp, which is traced through all its modifications—the psalterium, dulcimer, and David's "instrument of ten strings" to the clavicitherium," or keyed-citheras, made in the twelfth century. An improvement upon this, the virginal, was popular with ladies and lovers in Elizabeth's time. Then came the spinet and the harpsichord.

The date of the transition of the harpsichord to the piano (about 1757) is uncertain, and Italians, French, Germans and English claim the invention. As far back, however, as 1717 Christoph Gottlieb Schroter devised an arrangement of keys, springs and hammers for a harpsichord upon which the performer "at pleasure might play forte or piano" (loud or soft), and hence the name of the modern instrument. The heredity of the piano from the harp is evidenced in the obvious fact that the modern instrument is only a harp placed horizontally on legs with an action applied. The first public exhibition of a piano, was at a concert in England, for the benefit of Miss Brickler, 16th of May, 1767.

LOVE'S SUNSET.

BY S. F. R.

The summer twilight through the shades
Of kingly maples slowly fades
  Where in the cottage doorway sit
  Two lovers, changing love and wit;
    And in each other's eyes
With long, fond looks of sweet content
They gaze, as if each heart so went
  In sympathetic pulse, 'twould break
  Were not the other there, to take
    Its secret and its prize.

Gray is his venerable head,
And o'er his wrinkled cheek have fled
  The hopeful hours of gracious youth,
  The years of manhood's strife and ruth,
    The lingering months of age.
Gray are her reverend hairs, and thin,
And over brow and lip and chin
  Time's stern threescore and ten have writ
  The unmistaking lines that fit
    The earthly pilgrimage.

And yet they love; hand clasped in hand
They sit and look out on the land,
  And breathe the incense of the morn
  As theirs were passion newly born;
    Her eyes of gentian-blue
Inquire of his in perfect faith;
And his of hazel, free from scathe
  Of memories that wander wild,
  Smile back at her, like child to child,
    A love that's tried and true.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

I do not think he would," returned Darcy Lonsdale; "you are decidedly his favorite, Felix."

Mr. Lonsdale was right. Sir Owen was much pleased at the change. He passed the lawyer's letter over to his wife, and she read it.

"I am very pleased," he said. "Felix is cleverer than his father—and I like him. See that he has a nice room, and that his comforts are well attended to."

She made some vague reply—it seemed to her that heaven and earth were about to meet. That Felix should ever be under her roof as her guest seemed to her a most wonderful thing. How should she receive him? Would he soften a little in his manner to her? How fervently she hoped that Sir Owen would treat her, if not kindly, at least with some outward semblance of respect before her old lover! She was glad that Marian Hethcote was still with her—it would have been awkward to have met him alone.

When Sir Owen had quitted the room, Marian placed her hands up on Lady Chevenix's shoulders and looked into her face.

"Tell me," she said—"do you like this arrangement? Does it please or vex you?"

Lady Chevenix met her gaze with a calm smile.

"It does neither," she replied; and then Miss Hethcote understood that the subject of Felix Lonsdale was not to be reopened between them.

Lady Chevenix never forgot the evening when Felix came. It seemed to her that everything looked the brighter and the better for his coming. Sir Owen had given orders that the dinner should be delayed until he returned.

Felix Lonsdale and Lady Chevenix met with seeming indifference. She looked very beautiful; she wore a dinner-dress of white lace, with lilies of the valley in her hair. She held out her hand in greeting to him.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Lonsdale," she said. "I hope you will have a very pleasant day with us."

Miss Hethcote next had something to say to him, and then Sir Owen entered the room. He was most effusive in his greeting. He was delighted to see his guests; he hoped he would make himself quite at home, and enjoy himself as much as possible.

Violet could not help contrasting the two men as they stood for that one moment side by side—Sir Owen's awkward figure and coarse face with the grand beauty of Felix Lonsdale, the nobility of the untitled man with the commonplaceness of the titled one. The contrast was both sharp and strong; she felt it keenly.

Then they went in to dinner. Sir Owen was in one of his best humors, and everything went off well. For so much Lady Chevenix was thankful; every hour spent without an outbreak was a gain to her.

"You will give us this one evening, Mr. Lonsdale," said Sir Owen. "Enjoy yourself a little before you begin to work."

It was a matter of perfect indifference to him. If he had consulted his own inclination, he would have preferred to begin work at once; but he could hardly be impolite enough to say so.

Sir Owen liked to sleep after he had dined. Felix declined to take any more wine; and the Baronet, thinking in his heart that the young lawyer was a simpleton for it went into the drawing-room with him, and then fell asleep. Before he closed his eyes he said—

"Lady Chevenix, Mr. Lonsdale, will like to see the grounds, I am sure. You and Miss Hethcote will both enjoy a stroll."

He never once thought that he was submitting his young wife to a most deadly peril—the peril of a great temptation. He never thought of Felix Lonsdale as of one who had once been his wife's lover. He had been engaged to her—that was a well-known fact; but, so soon as he, the victorious knight, had appeared, he had retired from the contest defeated, and there was an end of it all. He considered that he had raised his wife so completely above all her past life, that he had taken her so completely out of her old sphere, that nothing which had interested her then could interest her now—he never pondered the fact that Felix Lonsdale, the rising lawyer, the man of promise, the most clever and skilful practitioner in the country, was his wife's old lover. So he lay down in perfect content while he sent his lovely young wife out into the beautiful summer gloaming with her old lover.

They walked on all three together, saying little, but thinking perhaps all the more. They passed through the pleasure-grounds; they lingered amongst the roses and lily-blooms; they watched the gold-fish in the fountain. The air was balmy, sweet, and fragrant with the odor of flowers.

"Let us go on to the park," said Marian Hethcote: "it will be very pleasant there."

They passed through the shubbery and entered the park. The beautiful fragrant gloaming had set in; the water of the lake was tinged with crimson and gold; a lovely light lay over the trees; there was a faint murmur as the wind swayed the branches of the trees and stirred the leaves. The peace and beauty, the loveliness and repose, touched them.

"Shall we sit down here," said Lady Chevenix, "by the lake side, and watch the light die out over the water?"

They sat down, the two ladies side by side, Felix, nearest to Miss Hethcote, at their feet. Martin was talking gaily to him; Lady Chevenix said but little. He who once loved her with such a passionate love looked at her. No dream of poet or painter could ever have been more fair. The evening light fell full upon her face, which was raised to the sky as she watched the crimson clouds; it touched her golden hair and was reflected by the rich jewels that she wore. She had thrown a white lace shawl over her white neck and bare arms; a corner of it was over her head, and the shadow of it softened her features. She listened to the lively sallies of her girl-friend, wondering if she should ever again be so happy, so light of heart.

Then Marian sang a quiet little song—a ballad telling the story of a knight who had ridden away to the Holy Land, leaving a girl-bride who died while he was away—a sweet sad song, just suited to the hour and the gloaming.

"Now, Lady Chevenix" she said, "you must sing for us too; sing that beautiful song you were practising this morning."

"I was not practising," returned Lady Chevenix. "I was trying to put some words to an air I think very sad and sweet. If you would like to hear it, I will sing it. Would you care to hear it, Mr. Lonsdale?"

He murmured some commonplace words about his having always liked good music. She smiled bitterly to herself; and then, in a low, sad, sweet voice, she sang these words—

"'Yes, dear, our love is slain—
In the cold grave for evermore it lies,
  Never to wake again
Or light our sorrow with its starry eyes;
  And so regret is vain.

"'We should have seen it shine
Long years beside us. Time and Death might try
  To touch that love divine,
Whose strength could every other stroke defy
  Save—only mine!

"'No longing can restore
Our dead again. Vain are the tears we weep:—
  And vainly we deplore
Our buried love. Its grave lies dark and deep
  Between us evermore.'"

Her voice died away in a low sweet murmur that was like the love-plaint of a bird, and they were silent for some minutes, none caring to break the spell. Then Felix looked at her.

"I remember those words," he said; "they are taken from a poem called 'Lost Alice,' by Adelaide Anne Procter. I gave you the book, I think, Lady Chevenix?"

That was the first time he had ever alluded to the past; he had until now always treated her as a stranger—as a lady to whom he had been introduced for the first time by Sir Owen Chevenix.

Her face brightened when she heard it; it seemed to her that the broken chain had been taken up in those simple words.

"Yes, you gave it to me," she acknowledged; "and I know every word of the poem by heart—I have read it so often."

He looked up in surprise.

"Indeed!" he said. "I thought that you did not care for poetry at all, Lady Chevenix?"

"I fancied that I did not, but I was mistaken. During these later years I have learned to value and understand many things formerly dead letters to me."

"I wish," said Marian Hethcote, "that we could understand everything at once. As it is, we learn little quickly; it takes us long years to teach us the simplest lessons, and by the time they are learned we must die. As my favorite poet says—

"'We live—we love; and then
Stone dead we lie.
O life, is all thy song
Endure and die?'

How much more pleasant it would be if we could master everything at once! What mistakes and blunders we make! I read the other day of a great and wise man who, when he came to die, said, 'My life has been all a mistake.' Mr. Lonsdale, I am growing quite sad; is is your turn to sing for us."

"I cannot sing; but I will repeat some verses that I think very beautiful, if you would like to hear them."

"Whose are they?" asked Lady Chevenix.

"They are Miss Procter's," he replied; and he turned his face away from her while he recited them.

It seemed to Lady Chevenix as though the wind fell and all nature was hushed to listen. There was no passion, no regret, in the low rich tones—they were clear and sweet and eloquent—but each word as it fell into the fragrant gloaming seemed to burn itself on her heart and brain.

"The poem is called 'Parting,'" said Felix, "and is so beautiful in itself that it cannot fail to please.

"'Without one bitter feeling let us part;
  And for the years in which your love has shed
A radiance like a glory round my head
I thank you—yes, I thank you from my heart.

"'I thank you—and no grief is in these tears;
  I thank you, not in bitterness, but truth,
  For the fair vision that adorned my youth
And glorified so many happy years.

"'Yet how much more I thank you that you tore
  At length the veil your hand had woven, away,
  Which hid my idol was a thing of clay,
And false the altar I had knelt before!

"'I thank you that you taught me the stern truth
  None other could have told and I believed—
  That vain has been my love and I deceived,
And wasted all the purpose of my youth.

"'I thank you that your hand dashed down
  The shrine
  Wherein my idol-worship I had paid;
  Else had I never known a soul was made
To save and worship only the Divine.

"'I thank you for a terrible awakening—
  And, if reproach seemed hidden in my pain,
  And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain,
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.

"'Farewell for ever now—in peace we part;
  And should an idle vision of my tears
  Arise before your soul in after years,
Remember that I thank you from my heart.'"

So clearly, one by one, with cruel distinctness, the words sounded in Violet's ears. She knew, she understood that that was what he would say to her, in his mind there could not be even the faintest renewal of their past friendship, and in his heart he thanked her that his unhappy love, his great abiding sorrow, had taught him many noble lessons. She understood—he had said it delicately, and kindly, but he meant it—that the whole past was buried for him; thanked her that she had taught him to suffer, and suffer in silent strength.

She was quite silent for many minutes after he had finished; it was Marian who talked to him and made him recite for them again and again.

The sun had set, the crimson and gold had faded from the water, a gray shade had fallen over it—all was quiet, calm, peaceful. Lady Chevenix rested her head against the gnarled trunk of an old tree; the peace and repose were novel to her. Presently a slight sound in the distance startled her.

"What is that?" she said.

"'It was only the deer that were feeding
  In a herd on the clover grass,'"

sang Marian; and Felix looked up with a smile.

"I know that," he said. "You are quoting from a ballad called 'Hush.' Strange to say, I was thinking of it a short time since. The words were running through my brain."

"They have run through my heart," remarked Marian, "often and often. I am matter-of fact myself, but that song always brings tears to my eyes. Repeat it for us, Mr. Lonsdale."

"I will. There is something in the time that suits the word. The light is dying in the sky, the sun has set, the flowers are sleeping, the wood-pigeons are silent, the air is full of dreams.

"'I can scarcely hear,' she murmured,
  'For my heart beats loud and fast;
But surely, in the far, far distance,
  I can hear a sound at last!'

"'It is only the reapers singing
  As they carry home their sheaves,
And the evening breeze has risen,
  And rustles the dying leaves.'

"'Listen! There are voices talking!'
  Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
  And the red flushed in her cheek.

"'It is only the children playing
  Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
  By the rays of the setting sun.

"'Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
  As with anxious eyes she cried—
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
  I can hear a horseman ride!

"'It was only the deer that were feeding
  In a herd on the clover grass;
They were startled and fled to the thicket
  As they saw the reapers pass.

"'Now the night arose in silence,
  Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
  And the children were at rest.

There was only a sound of weeping
  From watchers around a bed—
But rest to the weary spirit,
  Peace to the quiet dead.

There was silence as the last words fell, and Lady Chevenix bowed her head, so as to hide her tears. The gray shadows fell darker.

A loud voice roused them.

"Where are you? Where have you hidden yourselves? Surely a ramble amongst the flowers does not mean an encampment by the lake."

Through the clear fragrant air came the odor of a cigar, and Sir Owen, looking very cross, suddenly appeared before them.

"I could not find you anywhere," he said in a sullen tone. "You must have hidden yourself on purpose."

Lady Chevenix did not answer him, because she knew that it was needless to do so. Miss Hethcote was equal to the occasion.

"If we had wanted to hide," she said, "we should have hidden. As we did not, we remained here. If you are going to be cross, Sir Owen, do not cross an agreeable party by joining it."

He laughed then, and sat down with them; but the beauty, the poetry and peace, were all gone. He began to tell of a fight he had seen between a King Charles' spaniel and a toy terrier, laughing heartily at it, and wondering they did not laugh also. It was an exquisite joke to him to tell how the little King Charles lay dying—and even in dying tried to lick his hand.

"Do you enjoy seeing anything suffer, Sir Owen," asked Miss Hethcote.

"I think a dog-fight, or anything of that kind, capital sport," he answered.

"But the unfortunate creatures must feel!"

"Feel!" sneered Sir Owen. "What nonsense! Foxes were made to be hunted, rats to be worried, dogs to fight. Why should they feel?"

With a shrug of her shoulders she turned away from him. Sir Owen laughed again; he rather enjoyed a dispute with a pretty girl?

"I am not one of your sentimentalists," he said. "Now Mr. Lonsdale could give you poems by the yard. I am sure."

"I should be very sorry to do so," remarked Felix; at the same time I give the preference to poetry rather than to dog-fights."

Sir Owen laughed again; in his own opinion he was a most manly man, and Felix most insignificant. Felix rose from his seat and strolled away; he felt disgust almost amounting to hatred for this coarse, vulgar, repulsive man.

"Do not leave us, Mr. Lonsdale," said Sir Owen. "I will take Miss Hethcote indoors, and you can escort her ladyship—though she looks decidedly sullen."

It was useless for Lady Chevenix to say that she had no thought of being sullen; when Sir Owen had once asserted a thing, he maintained it. She looked up into the face of Felix Lonsdale, with a smile that made his heart beat faster than usual.

"That is not one of my faults," she said. "I do not remember having ever been sullen in my life; I have seldom been out of temper."

He remembered the sweet sunny temper that had never known cloud or variableness, but offered no remark—he had resolved to himself so often that nothing should induce him to talk to her of the past. They walked towards the house through the deepened shadows, and said but little to each other.

When they reached the Hall, Lady Chevenix was grieved to find a telegram from Mrs. Hethcote. Some friends had arrived quite unexpectedly, and she wished Marian to return at once. Felix wondered why the mistress of Garswood should turn so white when she read the telegram—why she should place her hands upon the girl's shoulders and say to her so sadly—

"What shall I do without you, Marian?"

"I will come back to you as soon as I can, dear Lady Chevenix," replied the girl, "and in the meantime Mr. Lonsdale will be here."

Afterwards, when Lady Chevenix had gone to give orders about her journey, Miss Hethcote said suddenly to Felix—

"I shall go away much happier for leaving you here."

"I shall be here for a few days only," returned Felix. "Why should you be happy about my being here? I do not understand."

"I may speak freely to you," said Miss

Hethcote; "you know them, and you belong in some measure to them. I may tell you that Lady Chevenix lives in mortal fear of her husband."

"Why?" asked Felix.

"He has been very violent to her many times. It is not long since she had to send for Mrs Haye, being afraid of losing her life. She has refused to be left alone since then. That is why I have been with her so long, and why I am glad you are here."

"But," said Felix, "he loves her—he must love her."

"I say nothing about that. He may love her, or he may not; but, when he is half mad with drink, she has reason to be alarmed."

"I cannot think that even then he would hurt her," said Felix.

"Well, it is very pleasant to have such cheerful views of things. I should be glad if I could share your faith, but unfortunately I have seen bruises on her arms and marks on her face, such as, if I had been a man, would have made me feel inclined to call Sir Owen out."

She saw the handsome face of the man beside her grow pale with emotion. She saw his strong hands tremble and his fingers clench tightly. She talked until the storm of passion had passed over him.

"I cannot bear to think of any woman being ill-used," he said; "it is one of the thing that irritates me and makes me angry with an anger that frightens me. But Lady Chevenix is so gentle, so amiable, I cannot understand any man being unkind to her."

"I can understand anything Sir Owen does," rejoined Miss Hethcote. "Mr. Lonsdale, you will be kind to her!" she pleaded. "Believe me that a peasant-woman working in the fields, or a factory girl in a mill, is happier than Lady Chevenix of Garswood."

"I am grieved to hear it," he said; and then Miss Hethcote left him.

She went away early the next morning, never dreaming of what would happen before she saw Garswood and its mistress again.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON the morning after Miss Hethcote's departure Sir Owen did not come down to breakfast; but Felix met his valet with some soda-water and brandy. The young lawyer descended to the breakfast room, where Lady Chevenix awaited him. She looked very fair and young in her pretty morning dress. She was pleased to see him; her face brightened, her eyes met his with such a glad light; she could not be cold and formal to him.

"How true you are to your colors, Lady Chevenix!" he said. "Blue and white—I hardly remember to have seen you wear anything else."

"You will own that they are pretty colors, will you not?" she asked with a smile—one of those charming smiles that stirs a man's heart and pulse.

He sat down at the breakfast-table with her, and he asked himself had fate ever placed another man in such a predicament before.

"See," she said—"I remember your tastes. You like tea better than coffee, and you like fruit. These strawberries have just been gathered; they have the dew on them."

She talked to him during breakfast, so gaily, so kindly; but, when he looked at her, there was something almost pathetic in her eyes—something that, in spite of her brilliant beauty, was half sad. Then, when they had finished breakfast, a servant came in to say that Sir Owen would join them in a few minutes, and would take Mr. Lonsdale to the strong room.

The long French windows were open and great heavy red roses came peeping in. Lady Chevenix went to them; Felix followed her, and they stood talking together. In some vague way the years seemed to have fallen from them, the terrible past for a few moments were forgotten. He was like the Felix of old, she like beautiful Violet Haye. They had just a few happy minutes, during which they spoke only of the roses before them and the pleasant prospect. Then Sir Owen came in, and it was as though the whole face of the heavens had changed.

The Baronet and his legal adviser went away together, and Felix spent the whole of the day in the strong-room, reading documents and papers of all kinds. He did not see Sir Owen and his wife again until dinner, and thus the first day of his visit passed quietly enough.

On the second the tenants came to dine at the Hall, and the grand banqueting-room in the western wing was thrown open. The dinner passed off well, and the tenants drank Sir Owen's health with noisy cheers. Nor were they much less enthusiastic about Felix, when his health was proposed. After a pleasant day they left Garswood early in the evening.

Lady Chevenix had been alone all day; the servants were in attendance on the numerous guests, and in the evening she asked for tea, thinking that Sir Owen and Felix would like to join her. Sir Owen, who had drank more brandy in a few hours than another man would have drank in a week, made some observation about her ladyship's tea which, when repeated by the servants' hall, caused great amusement. Felix was sorry to decline, but he had some hours of hard work yet in the strong room; the leases were all to be signed on the morrow.

When the visitors were all gone, he returned to the strong-room and resumed his work. Lady Chevenix went to him to persuade him to let her send some tea there, and he consented. He looked at her, as she stood in the darkened room, in her evening dress of white silk and trailing lace. She wore a superb suit of opals, which shone with the "fire that lives in gems." She looked like a dream of beauty in that dull gloomy room.

She sent him some tea, and asked him to come to the drawing room when he had finished, and he promised to do so. When she returned, Sir Owen lay on one of the couches, fast asleep.

She was thankful that he was asleep, and hoped that he might wake up quite himself. She drew down the blinds and darkened the room. Who could tell what she suffered in her heart, this fair, stately woman, who shrank so keenly from all stigma of disgrace, her daily, hourly dread lest her husband should do something that would entail everlasting shame upon them, lest any one should see him at a time when he was quite unfit to be seen? What a double life she led, this brilliant and beautiful woman—before the world all gaiety, smiles and animation, in her own heart always a terrible weight of anxiety.

For this even at least she was safe. She thought he would wake up himself, and then they would spend a happy hour with Felix; so she watched lest sound or light should disturb him until Mr. Lonsdale joined them.

He awoke at last, but the sun had long set, and the fragrant silence of the night lay over the earth. She had cooling fruit that was pleasant to eye and taste ready for him, she had everything, but no stimulant. He pushed aside the purple grapes and the crimson strawberries.

"Where is the brandy?" he asked her. "The idea of offering a man such things as those!" he exclaimed. "Ring for the brandy!"

She dared not refuse—moreover, refusal would have been of no use. She rang the bell and gave the message, but, before the brandy came, with sweet womanly tact she had lured him from the room, hoping that he would forget it. She walked through the long corridor for some minutes, talking to him; then he suddenly remembered Felix, and said that nothing would satisfy him unless he left his work and joined them. He went to persuade him, while Lady Chevenix ordered the lamps in the drawing-room to be lighted.

The two gentlemen returned together, and they played for some time at cribbage, a game for which Sir Owen had a great liking. Suddenly he remembered the brandy, and asked for it. Lady Chevenix dreaded its coming: she said the evening was warm, and begged of him to take some iced cup instead. He laughed at her.

"Listen to her ladyship!" he cried. "Iced cup! The very name of it makes me shudder. I want brandy—nothing else."

She remonstrated again, but very mildly. She felt that she could bear anything better than this, that the man she had forsaken should see in his true colors the man she had married.

Those last words proved too much for Sir Owen. He swore roundly at her. What business of hers was it, he asked, if he wanted a sea of brandy? Let her remember herself, remember from what position he had taken her, and not attempt to dictate to him; he would not endure it. She tried to soothe and conciliate him; she might as well have tried to soothe a panther.

The brandy was brought, but even then he did not recover his good-humor. Felix was miserable. He longed to put down his cards and say good night, but he saw the face of Lady Chevenix growing white, and he was afraid to leave her. Miss Hethcote had told him of Sir Owen's violence. He would not leave her to the mercy of that violent man; yet every moment he remained with them was a torture to him. Sir Owen had no moderation. In vain his wife and Felix engaged him with cards and in conversation. Despite everything, he filled and replenished his tumbler. At length the alcohol began to take such an effect upon him that Lady Chevenix deemed it prudent to rise.

"It is growing late," she said; "we had better put aside the cards."

"Yes," agreed Felix; "I am tired."

He had no time to finish his speech. Sir Owen did not seem to hear it. He merely turned with a scowl to his wife, and cried in a voice of thunder:

"Sit down and go on with the game!"

Felix saw that she trembled in every limb, yet she kept all sign of emotion from her face; nothing but its pallor betrayed her fear. She sat down, but the young lawyer's spirit was roused. He threw the cards upon the table.

"Lady Chevenix is very amiable to go on playing," he said; "I shall not. It is late, and quite time to leave off."

Without a word, and so suddenly that there was no time to prevent it, Sir Owen turned and struck his wife on the face.

"Take that," he said; "and mind you do not interfere with me again!"

The next moment a pair of strong arms had seized him and had literally thrown him across the room. His face white, his whole body trembling with passion, Felix stood over him.

"If you touch her ladyship again, if you lay your cowardly hands upon her," he cried, "I will kill you!"

Then he turned to Violet. She stood trembling, with a great red mark across her lovely pale face—a mark that burned like a hot iron.

"Oh, Lady Chevenix," he said, "I am so sorry! I ought to have been quicker, more on my guard. Are you much hurt?"

She raised her face with that terrible bruise on it to his, and he saw great tears in her eyes. For a moment the old impulse of love was strong upon him, and he longed to shelter the golden head, every hair of which was dear to him, on his breast, then he recollected himself and said gently:

"I shall never forgive myself that this has happened. If I had been quicker——" He broke off abruptly, for his wrath was rising again. "I shall kill him," he cried, if he touches you!"

She looked up at him; the bruised face touched his heart, and he turned away. Sir Owen was lying just where he had thrown him. He went over to him; the Baronet had most composedly fallen asleep.

"Thank Heaven," he said, "that I did not kill him—that I did not do him some deadly harm. Shall I ring for the servant?" he asked Lady Chevenix; and he never forgot her answer.

"If you would not mind it," she said, "I should be so thankful if you would place him in a chair; I do not like the servants to see all that happens."

He raised Sir Owen, who made some violent plunges the while, and placed him in a chair. The Baronet fell placidly asleep again, and Felix went back to Lady Chevenix.

"You must apply something to your face," he said, "or it will be black to-morrow."

She smiled and raised the white lace that fell over her arm. He saw a long dark bruise, the mark of a cruel grasp that had held the delicate arm as in an iron vice.

"I am seldom without a mark," she told him, "but I do not often find them on my face."

He looked sorrowfully at the graceful woman who had preferred money to love, and had suffered so terribly for her choice; he longed to say something kind to her, but prudence forbade him. She held out her hand to him, and he saw how it trembled. She smiled, and he never forgot the smile.

"Some day," she said, "he will most probably kill me. If he does, you will always remember that I—I was sorry I had grieved you, Felix."

"I will remember," he returned gravely. He held her hand for one moment while he bade her good night, and then he went away.

CHAPTER XL.

FELIX thought long and anxiously after his return from Garswood. He was glad that he had treated Sir Owen as he did: he said to himself that he should have been less than a man had he not acted as he did. Yet it was not likely that after what had passed he could remain under Sir Owen's roof: neither did he desire to do so. It was torture to him to see Violet ill-treated; he could not bear it—nor could he interfere to prevent it.

Moreover, he believed it to be quite impossible that after the fracas Sir Owen could continue his business relations with himself and his father; a man might forgive much, but knocking a person down was a serious matter. So, when the sunshine came peeping into his room, Felix had quite made up his mind that that would be his last day at the Hall.

His ideas were confirmed when a servant, tapping at his door, said that Sir Owen would be glad to see Mr. Lonsdale in his room. That, he believed, was the prelude to his dismissal.

"Never mind," said Felix to himself; "if I were placed in such circumstances again, I should do just the same, and perhaps more."

He went immediately to the Baronet's room. As he passed from one room to another, he could not help admiring the magnificence and luxury of the house: it was simply superb, and, the morning sun shining through the windows, made it more beautiful still. He little guessed what that same sun would see before it set.

He entered Sir Owen's room quite anticipating and indeed half hoping for, his dismissal; but his heart was touched when he saw the trembling figure before him. Sir Owen, flushed and excited with drink, was bad enough: Sir Owen in the morning light, trembling, weak, and haggard, was worse. Felix quietly awaited the beginning of the storm; but, to his surprise, Sir Owen held out his hand. The young lawyer would not see it; he felt that he could never touch a hand that had been raised against a woman.

"I am really very sorry, Lonsdale," Sir Owen began. "I am afraid I was too much excited over the tenants' dinner, and forgot myself. I am very sorry. I hope that I was not offensive to you?"

"He has forgotten what happened," thought Felix to himself. "I must tell him."

"You were not offensive to me, Sir Owen," he said, "but you behaved with the greatest brutality to Lady Chevenix. You struck her with such violence that I was compelled to interfere."

There was something ruefully comic about the Baronet's face.

"I ought to be much obliged to you, I am sure," he said. "I love my wife very much, and cannot understand how I could have so forgotten myself. But I am very unfortunate when I exceed my usual allowance of wine, Lonsdale. You will shake hands and be friends?"

"I am willing to forget my share in the business, Sir Owen. But excuse my shaking hands with you."

The Baronet laughed uneasily.

"You are very particular," he said, and then turned the conversation.

Felix, despite his disgust, felt a great pity for him; it was not lessened when he saw his valet come to him with a bottle and a glass.

"Take less of that, Sir Owen," he said, "or you will kill yourself."

"Well, I have to die; and I may just as well die taking what I like as taking medicine. Some men have more to live for than I have. I am very fond of my wife, but she does not care much about me; and I have no child. I really believe, Lonsdale, that I should be quite a different man if I had a child."

"You have plenty to live for, Sir Owen. You have your duty to do on earth; yet more, you must think of a future life," said Felix.

"I can pay other men to do my duty; and, as to a future life—well, I have not been able to decide about that yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

BIRDS' EGGS.—It is a general rule that birds having open nests lay colored eggs, while those who occupy covered or concealed nests lay white ones; and further that the coloring of eggs laid in open and ground nests has for its object protection from hostile observation.

PATENT MATCH SPLINT.—A match splint triangular in form, is the subject of a recent patent. The advantages are, strength at a minimum expenditure of material, rapid communication of flame from head to body of match, and small space required in packing.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND TEXTILES.—A process has been patented for decorating textile fabrics by means of photography. The manufacturers of Lyons not long ago produced lengths of silk with large sized medallions representing pictures by the old masters. Magnified positive photographs can be produced by this plan on linen, cotton, wool and silk.

THE "COSTUME STAND."—One of the most useful inventions or adaptations of the day consists of the "costume stand" which can be made to minutely resemble any and all figures. The stands enable every lady to try on her own dresses, and to have them fitted without trouble or the personal inconvenience of standing for hours under the slow manipulation of the dressmaker.

NAILING MACHINE.—And now a nailing machine has been invented. The apparatus is not unlike a gun in shape, and is about the same length. It is kept in position with the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in an apperature at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom, and then the operator draws up a rod, and by one downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand, by this simple contrivance, could do the work of half a dozen men.

DO EELS SPAWN?—It has been one of the mysteries since Aristotle's time how eels multiply. The old Greeks thought that they were born of mud. Now, however, they have found out that eel's eggs have been under the noses of all fishermen since the beginning, but the eggs are so small and so thickly massed together that they have been mistaken for fat. Under the microscope a specimen was found to have eggs, 30 of which filled out an inch when placed in line, while the whole number in the six pounds equirmer was computed at 9,000,000 or thereabouts.

DIPHTHERIA.—The two methods of treating diphtheria, with chlorate of potash and hydrate of chloral, have been combined by an Italian physician, with remarkable success. He dissolves a drachm of hydrate of chloral in five drachms of glycerine, and applies it to the false membrane, three or four times a day by means of a camel's-hair brush. Of the chlorate of potash he gives from two and a half to four drachms a day, dissolved in four and a half ounces of water, to children of from three to six years, and an ounce to adults. With these medicines he always combines a tonic and restorative diet.

TO CRYSTALIZE FLOWERS.—Construct some baskets of fancy form, with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full bloom roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that cover completely the article, remove the basket carefully, and allow it to drip twelve hours. The basket make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of flowers.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 1, 1879.

BRAIN WORK.

BRAIN-WORK is conducive to health and longevity, while brain-worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement, and its application to what we see around us, are evident enough; yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed. Intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our highest courts, or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixed with excitement and followed with regularity, is seen to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental cares, attended with suppressed emotions, and occupations which from their nature are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest. Every one has seen a class of men whose early mental training was deficient, and to whom the writing of memoranda was irksome, engaged in middle life in great undertakings, and taxing the memory with a mass of complicated business accounts, simply because they could more easily remember than write. Their power of memory for a certain kind of facts is often truly astonishing; but the strain is at last too much and they die before their time.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 90 in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel 100 per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than crying of children when anything occurs to give either physical or mental pain.

EARNESTNESS is prompt in action. It considers that whatever is important enough to be necessary to be done ought to be done at once, and so got out of hand with as much despatch as possible. It therefore makes haste to act, and would revolt against either delay to act or slowness in action, as fire would revolt against water. The two can never assimilate. Earnestness would be either the death of hesitancy and loitering, or hesitancy and loitering would be the death of earnestness. This spirit of promptitude is seen in the maxims to which earnestness has given birth—as "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." "Strike while the iron is hot," "Make hay while the sun shines." Earnest men early recognise the value of these sayings.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE introduction of Chinamen several years ago to the shoe manufactory of North Adams, Mass., was the result of unusual complications of capital and labor; but the problem of Chinese labor has been solved and solved successfully in this thriving manufacturing town, and one of the most interesting industrial experiments of New England has succeeded beyond the hopes of the most ardent supporters.

—

A new material for covering walls, called "Muralis," has been invented by Frederick Walton, of London. It is a mixture of oxidized linseed oil and fibre, and on this ornamentation in relief is very clearly stamped by machinery. It would be admirable for boarding-houses and schools, for so well does it resist knocks that if struck with the sharp end of a hammer a slight indentation will at first be produced, but in half an hour the elastic substance fills up the gap.

—

EXPERIMENTS made in Germany show that out of 2,500 schoolboys 97 were unable to distinguished between colors, but that out of 2,317 girls only one was "color blind." A curious explanation was offered for the fact that the proportion of color blindness was greater among Jewish than among Christain children. The sense of sight, it is said, was less developed among the ancients than it is to-day, and since the Jews have preserved a greater purity of race and blood than any other people, an inferiority of vision might reasonably be expected. It is not, however, true that such inferiority, on an average, exists.

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AN enthusiastic and eccentric genius now proposes to build a floating theatre. In other words, he announces that in the Spring he will launch a steamboat at Buffalo which will contain a theatre capable of seating 1,000 persons, with stage, scenery, and all accessories complete. He then proposes to engage a dramatic company and, with this "floating opera-house," visit all the cities and towns that lie on the shores of the great lakes, Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee included. The steam-boat theatre will be moored at the most convenient dock in each city visited, and after the performance on warm moonlight nights the canvas roof will be raised and an excursion on lake or river given the audience with music, dancing, and refreshments all at command.

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A correspondent from the Sandwich Islands says that during a long life spent in tropical fever districts he has been able to escape infection and miasma by the use of gunpowder, supplemented by a few simple precautions against sudden changes of temperature, sunstroke, bad water, and the like. He uses no water that has not been boiled and afterwards kept from air contact; but his main reliance is upon the practice of burning a thimbleful of gunpowder in his bedroom and very small quantities in his trunk, wardrobe, etc., so as to keep his clothes in an atmosphere feebly charged with gunpowder gas. In Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the East Coast of Tropic Africa, and other fever-smitten lands he has found such simple means a sure preventive of epidemic and endemic diseases, and has thereby been often brought to the philosophic reflection that gunpowder is destined to invert the aim intended by its fabricator.

—

RED lead in cayenne pepper, chromate of lead in mustard: sulphuric acid in vinegar; corrosive sublimate in pickles; prussic acid in tea; scented and colored clay in coffee; alum in bread; sand in sugar; marble dust and plaster of Paris in flour, powdered stone in soda; terra alba in cream of tartar; damaged grain in Graham meal; chalk in baking powders; mercury, arsenic, and copper in the coloring of candy; creosote and salts of copper in whiskey—such are only samples of some of the adulterations in food and drink pointed out, the other day, by Mr. George T. Angell, in a paper read to the American Social Science Association of Boston. The bold proportion of these adulterations is ever more surprising than their pernicious qualities. Mr. Angell has been for many years a champion of an Animal Protection Society; his facts justify him, we should say, in now devoting a portion of his time to the protection of the chief biped among animals.

—

IT is a singular fact that fifteen of the ladies connected with the present Diplomatic Corps at Washington are American girls whose beauty and diplomacy captured distinguished husbands. Among the number are the wives of the French, Italian, Guatemalan and Turkish ministers and many others of lesser rank, including Mrs. Yung Wing, of the Chinese Legation, who was a Miss Bartlett, of Connecticut. In the Diplomatic Corps of Europe there are also several American ladies, such as the wife of the Italian Minister at the Hague and others. Whether American women have a peculiar penchant for diplomacy, or diplomatists for them, is a difficult question to decide. At all events, diplomacy is a career for which our women seem to be admirably adapted. They have also broken down the exclusiveness of hereditary aristocracy, and some of them are connected with the oldest noble families of England and the Continent. Proverbial as is their beauty, their natural grace and dignity of manner and their intelligence are no less striking.

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PRENTICE Mulford was a gold miner and prospector for seven years in California, and says: "I was one of the great army of prospectors who found everything but wealth. In the matter of cold, rags, rain, hunger, exposure, frozen toes and unpaid labors we had our full share. In appearance and attire we more than verged on the tramps. I formed a prospecting company. It was perfect as regard members, constitution and by-laws. Its great defect lay in the regular non-payment of assessments. My constitution and by-laws had provided a president, secretary, treasurer and board of trustees, but it had not furnished any capacity for them to discharge their respective functions when there was no office, and all these officers lived about ten miles apart. This was my fault. I drew up the constitution. I acknowledge now it was a poor constitution. Indirectly, it came near ruining my own."

—

As Germans complain that English tourists are ruining Switzerland, so sportsmen moan over the invasion of the Adirondack wilderness by the pleasure seekers. The summer hotel is taking the place of the hunter's cabin; well-kept wagon roads follow the lines of old Indian trails, and puffing steam launches plough through the water where once glided the noiseless birch canoe. Into the very heart of the great forest have they been taken. Last summer a steamboat was run for the first time on Oswegatchie Lake, and another one disturbed the ripples of Tupper's Lake. In the coming season the shores of the two queen lakes of the woods—Raquette and Long—will also reverberate the echoes of steam whistles, for two large boats are being built thereon. New hotels and new carriage roads form part of the enterprise, and what was once the wildest and most inaccessible region of the wilderness promises to become a popular place of resort.

—

Some very successful experiments have been made in France lately, by which an electric apparatus can be utilized with great benefit to those districts liable to the sudden dangers of floods. The apparatus reproduces automatically from a higher to a lower point in the river the variations of level, so as to give immediate warning of floods and enable the inhabitants to make what preparation they can. The experiments were made between two points about a mile apart. At the higher, is a float which follows the upward and downward motion of the water (without being affected by the current). It communicates its movements through a battery and conducting wire to the needle of a graduated scale at the lower point, and the needle thus indicates all the fluctuations of level. At a certain point on the scale is the word danger and when the needle reaches this it sets in action a number of bells in the houses on the banks, connected by wire with the instrument. Thus the inhabitants are warned to make ready. This curious apparatus has met with high approval from the French ministry of public works. The need of something of the kind has long been felt in districts where floods have proved disastrous.

—

A very interesting account is given of a visit to the Normal School for Girls at Antwerp, which shows their practical method of study, as well as the careful cultivation of the useful attainments with the ornamental, which is worthy of imitation in some of our American female colleges.

In the highest class the recitation upon Electricity was conducted in a conversational way. The young ladies described the methods employed in measuring the velocity of light, of sound, detailed the principles of the latest discoveries, and all in a manner that left no shadow of doubt that they had been made thoroughly familiar with the subject.

Like our Normal schools, each teacher attends to a specialty, giving lessons in all the classes. In the Antwerp school most of the teachers are women and remarkably capable ones. The lesson in Botany of one of the classes surprised the visitor by the "minutiæ of the analyses." The subject was a grape leaf. All the knowledge of this science is based upon direct observation. Herbariums of the pupils were exhibited. They were neat, elaborate and orderly. In one every flower was carefully labelled with its scientific and common names; in another the specimens were classified according to the time of flowering; in a third the principal characteristics of the flowers were noted; a fourth contained medicinal plants wild and cultivated; others classified flowers cotyledonous, monocotyledonous, dicotyledonous, &c., all showing that trained intelligence had presided over the work.

The class reciting Geography first read the lesson regularly. It was upon certain tropical countries. After the reading each pupil had to rise and describe whatever was required by the teacher—fauna, flora, minerals, meteorological conditions, &c. It was evidently a lesson in elocution at the same time. To cut and make garments, make designs for laces, shawls, dresses, &c., is also a part of the education. Their work is of a high order. The blackboards surrounding the art hall were covered with geometrical patterns, plans in sections of all kinds, decorations and analyses of decorations without end.

Book-keeping is made an important study—"that accomplishment so useful to the future housekeeper and to the wife of the merchant or manufacturer." In Paris, and indeed, all through France, in almost all the shops, cafes, restaurants, bath-house, as well as in the great wholesale establishments, you will see a woman at the comptoir. In Belgium it is the same. Hence book-keeping is regarded as a necessity of the girl's education and it has always been taught in the schools.

The books of these girls, many of them, would have done credit to any commercial house. The bundles of letters attached to some of them showed that commercial correspondence was a part of the drill. Outlines of the laws of commerce and of domestic economy complete the education of these young girls.

EVERY young man should endeavor to perfect himself in the science of the business he has chosen. Without this, he must always content himself in the lower walks of his calling. The denial of a few luxuries will buy all the books he requires, and his own diligence may be made to well supply the place of a tutor. Without such diligence, the best teacher in the world could not manufacture him into a scholar. If once going over a point will not master it, he must tackle it again. Better give a week's study to a page than conclude that you cannot comprehend it.

AN appreciative subscriber, Mr. J. P. M. Page, Postmaster of Big Island P. O., Va., in sending his subscription to the POST this year, writes as follows: "I was a subscriber to your paper in my young days, and now I want my children to read it, and if it maintains its former tone and excellency, I hope my children's children may do the same, even to the latest generation."

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY J. A. W.

By the system platonic,
Though it seems rather comic,
Each soul is a half, cut asunder by fate;
Condemn'd to go sighing,
And crying and prying,
Until, by some chance, it shall meet with its mate.

If you halve a tomato,
A pear, or potato,
The halves will match neatly again when they're join'd,
But if you should grapple
Either one to an apple
The point of connection were surely defined.

Apart from me riven,
By cruel fate driven,
My other half wanders alone o'er the earth:
If any should meet her,
I wish they would greet her,
And say, that I've sought her in vain from my birth.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

JOAN hid her head, and trembled. The figure vanished. And, before a word had been spoken by either brother or sister, Mrs. Pomeroy came swiftly up.

"Leolin, I can no longer bear it," she sobbed forth, every pulse within her quivering with horror. "It is killing me. Something must be done; something devised. Theresa said you and Joan were walking here, so I came to you."

"Devised!" repeated Leolin.

"I would rather die than bear the life I am leading. It is in that room—now—Guy. It has a dreadful look of reproach in its face."

"You should leave the abbey for a time," said Leolin, deep pity in his tone.

His voice died away. Christine was approaching them, her countenance mournful, her step heavy.

"She brings news of your child, Leolin," whispered Joan.

"Well?" cried Leolin, turning to the woman, a pang seizing on his heart.

"It is all over, sir. And my lady is senseless."

Yes, the little child was dead. And the first thing to be done, as a preliminary to other forms and ceremonies, was to hoist the death flag over the abbey gateway.

The flag was at the Keep; to keep it in the abbey would have been a violation of the old Pomeroy customs; consequently as soon after the child was gone as the abbey could collect itself—which certainly was not very speedily, Jeffs and Markham, two of the elder servants, started to fetch the flag. They left the abbey together. On their way, in turning down the grassy hollow near the Keep, they encountered a woman speeding along. No other than Bridget.

"Thee'rt back soon," cried Jeffs, who was fond of adopting this familiar mode of speech.

"Ay," answered Bridget. "But where are you two going?"

"To fetch the death-flag. The young child's gone."

Bridget pushed back her bonnet. "I was afraid it would be so. Lady Anna seems to have no luck with her children."

"The lord has been seen again to-night," continued Jeffs, solemnly crossing himself. "He appeared at the lower window, ghostlier than ever: it's said that Mr. Leolin and Miss Joan both saw him there. Anyway, they were in the cloisters at the time."

"He was here to-night," whispered Markham; "here, in this very hollow, not many minutes ago. Brill saw him and came rushing into the abbey without any sense left."

Bridget gave a shudder. Not daring to go on alone now, she turned back with the two men, walking between them. All in a minute, some person or thing was indistinctly seen swiftly passing along at a short distance. They took it for the ghost. Bridget caught hold of her companions with an awful shriek; the men's hair rose up on end.

How they dragged Bridget to the Keep, and how they got to it themselves, and thundered at its door till Jerome came, was best known to themselves. Bridget made a butt at old Jerome, seizing him by the legs, which all but threw the old man over.

"The saints be good to us!" she shrieked. "There's the dead lord in the hollow."

"I saw it with my own eyes this blessed night," wailed Jerome. "What have you all come here for?"

"The death flag," answered Jeffs. "Lady Anna's child's gone."

The old man lifted his hands. "How many more of the Pomeroys are to go, ere death shall be satisfied?"

"One more," whispered Bridget; "Mr. Rupert: and then the poor wandering spirit will be laid to rest. I have said it from the first."

They were going home, the two men bearing between them the furled flag, for it was large and heavy, and Bridget catching hold of both of them and walking with her head ducked down, when a most extraordinary incident occurred. Walking towards them in the cold winter's night, in her evening dress of black velvet, with its rich white lace, her hair bare, no covering on her neck and arms, came Mary Pomeroy. Bridget, who had lifted her eyes at the footsteps, shrieked out again.

"They are saying in the abbey that papa is walking here to-night," said the young lady, as they stopped in their astonishment. "I have never seen him. I want to see what he is like."

"She is off her head!" ejaculated Bridget, in a half-whisper.

"You are off your head yourself for saying it," retorted Mary. "Is it so strange I want to see papa, with all this commotion about him in the abbey? Brill came in just now, and said he had met the lord in the hollow; they had to give him some brandy, for he was prostrate with fright. And I have come out to see him. I will see him if he is to be seen."

"You will catch your death, Miss Mary," said Bridget while the two men stood uncovered in the child's presence. "Could you have put nothing on, if you must have come?"

"Of course I could not: had they known I was coming, they would have stopped me. Have you seen anything of papa?"

"What has come over her?," Bridget whispered to Jeffs: "it's against human nature to be so devoid of fear. We shall see nothing Miss Mary," she added, aloud; "a looked-for ghost never comes."

As if to confute the woman's words, a sound, as of garments rustling, was heard, and a shadowy figure passed them. Its dull eyes were strained on the child, and the child's were strained on it—the spirit of her father. Mary Pomeroy gave forth a cry, as she looked after it gliding in the moonlight. Bridget fell on her knees: the men, appalled, dropped the flag. And, to increase the solemnity of the scene, the death-bell tolled out that moment from the abbey chapel, for the soul of the infant, just departed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE KEEP.

THE Lady of Pomeroy sat in her drawing-room, when a servant entered and said that Jerome had come up from the Keep and craved speech of her. Nearly a fortnight had elapsed since the burial of the infant, but Lady Anna Pomeroy's life had since then hung upon a thread; she was beginning now to recover, at which all in the abbey rejoiced. There was another fact at which perhaps they rejoiced more—the ghost had not been seen during these two weeks.

Jerome came in, his white hair flowing on his shoulders. Of late years he acquired a look of care. "I would speak with the lady alone," he said, bending his head to Sybilla with reverence. And the servants shut the door.

"Madam," said Jerome, drawing near, "the closing scene is certainly at hand."

"You think so, Jerome!"

"Nay, it is no thought: it is all too sure."

"Major Barkley has feared the end was near. I will come at once, Jerome. And bring—whom?"

"None at present but Mr. Leolin. The lord asked, madam, but for you and for him."

"Jerome, you have had a trying time. If it be in my power to recompense your fidelity in any way———"

"The lady is very kind," interrupted Jerome. "I have seen the Pomeroys dwindle away, one after another; the old lord first, and then his sons, all now are gone save Mr. Leolin: nothing is left for old Jerome, but to hope soon to go after them."

"Nay, but I trust you will live many years, Jerome. These dark days will pass away, and there may be comfort in store for you yet. You would be faithful to my child."

"Faithful to your child, madam! Ay, that would I. Is he not a Pomeroy and was not his sire, Mr. George, with his loving heart and merry spirit, dearer to me than some of the rest were!"

Jerome backed out as he spoke, and Sybilla hastened to attire herself.

Leolin Pomeroy was in his wife's chamber. She lay on a sofa by the fire, well covered up; Leolin sat in front of the sofa, looking at her. How dear his wife was to him, this last illness, when he went near to losing her, had shown. Decidedly Leolin was not having a good time, as the children say. In addition to the discomfort pervading the abbey, to the recent loss of his child, to the peril of his wife—in addition to all this, he was no nearer becoming the Lord of Pomeroy than he had been. Rather further off, in fact. For, within a day or two ill news had come to him from his old and firm friend the cardinal, to the effect that the hopes lately given to Leolin had again faded, as all previous hopes had faded.

Anna opened her eyes. "I did not know you were here, Leolin."—holding out her hand. "Have you been here long?"

"Not very long, love," he answered, imprisoning the attenuated fingers between his own warm ones. "I think you look a little better, Anna—don't you feel so?" he added, anxiously.

Anna sighed. She felt her recovery was yet doubtful, in spite of Leolin's sanguine belief.

"Leolin," she gasped, her restless fingers nervously entwining themselves with his, "I think I will speak now—if I ever am to speak—and say what your scheming is to me. I think—I fear—that you will have to choose between it and me. By day it saddens me, by night it torments me; and—and—I seem to see that it will in the end be too much for me; that—I—shall not live."

"You think," answered Leolin, in a dreamy kind of way, "that I shall have to choose between it and you. That, if I am to keep you I must abandon that."

"I cannot help it," she said, the tears beginning to trickle slowly down her cheeks. "Suppose I say that I will give it up! That my wife is dearer to me than even ambition?"

In her long-tried mind she thought this was too good to be real, and only kept the restless fingers still a moment that they might press his closer. Leolin knelt down; he put his arm around her, his face very near her face.

"I promise it you," he softly whispered. "It seems, as some of you have told me, that I cannot make war with fate—and *that* appears itself against me for good and all. Henceforth, Anna, the strife shall cease: George's child shall be at peace, for me."

A faint joyous cry, and Anna Pomeroy feebly drew his face down to hers.

A few minutes, and she seemed to have fallen into a tranquil sleep. Leolin stood by the fire, thinking of the promise he had just made. A servant appeared.

"The Lady of Pomeroy is here, sir. She wishes to see you. She waits in the bedroom."

Visits from the lady to him were so rare that Leolin could only feel surprise. He found Sybilla was attired for walking.

"I have had a summons to the Keep, Leolin," she began, "and am come to ask you to accompany me. It is urgent."

"A summons to old Jerome!" he returned, half sarcastically.

"Jerome brought it me. One is lying there, at the point of death, who would see both you and me."

Leolin felt somewhat staggered. "Lying at the Keep!" he exclaimed. "Who is lying there!" And Sybilla dropped her voice to a whisper.

"The Lord of Pomeroy."

Leolin did not comprehend. He stared at her in amazement and confusion. Her countenance was sad, her manner solemn.

"He who has been an exile and a wanderer for these nine years, Leolin; my brother-in-law and your brother. He is come back again, the true and only Lord of Pomeroy, and he is under Jerome's care at the Keep—dying."

Leolin, waiting to take in mentally the facts, drew a deep breath. "Then we were not mistaken—we knew that Rupert was here, but I thought he must have gone again. Oh, how imprudent!—how can he have managed to escape detection!"

Three parts dazed, Leolin caught up his hat and walked with Sybilla to the Keep in the approaching twilight of the winter afternoon. Joan had gone to the convent for the day, but would be home later.

Jerome awaited them at the Keep. Leading the way up stairs, he held the door of a chamber open for them to pass in. Leolin approached the bed: and, very much to his surprise, Major Barkley rose from a chair by its side and quitted the room. The windows were but narrow slits set in the deep wall, the daylight, besides, was growing dim, so that Leolin had to bend over the bed to discern the features of him who lay upon it.

"Rupert," he gently said, for one cannot speak angrily to a dying man, "Rupert———"

With a cry that sounded too wild in its terror of astonishment for a human cry, Leolin started back. He saw not the handsome Rupert lying there; but the white face, the already half-dulled eyes, and the imperfect, never-to-be-forgotten lips of Guy, Lord of Pomeroy.

Sybilla laid her gently-detaining hand on Leolin to reassure him. "It is indeed Guy," she whispered. "Guy himself; not Rupert."

Utterly confounded, startled, Leolin sank down on the chair from which Major Barkley had risen. He was doubting whether he was in a dream: he was doubting what was true around him, what false: he was doubting whether that, on the bed, was Guy in the spirit, or Rupert in the body with the semblance of Guy's face. In short, he knew not what was, what was not. Guy slowly turned on the pillow, and spoke—and the voice was Guy's, not Rupert's.

"Leolin, my brother!" But Leolin did not answer.

"Leolin, you will recognise Guy as the true Lord of Pomeroy," spoke Sybilla, perhaps mistaking the motive of his silence. "Whatever may have happened, he is such as long as he lives."

"Oh yes, yes!" mechanically replied Leolin. "Who would dispute Guy's right?"

"Well, Leolin, he has never forfeited it. It was Rupert who was killed, not Guy."

"I cannot understand," uttered Leolin, certain contradictions presenting themselves to his bewildered mind.

"In that scuffle in the haunted room, the one killed was Rupert," she resumed. "It was supposed to be the lord, and he was buried as the lord; but it was really Rupert. The lord escaped."

"Yes, I escaped," put in Guy, holding out to Leolin his feeble hand. "And have since been a wanderer and an exile."

"I seem—to be all at sea," cried Leolin, affectionately clasping the hand between his palms, as he had but just now clasped his wife's. "Rupert killed! Then why, Guy, did you go away?"

"Ah, it was a mistake," answered Guy, shaking his head; "I have had time to learn it since, and to repent it. Better that I had stood my ground and declared all."

"And—*you* killed Rupert!"

"Yes. I thought I had good cause. In one sense of the word I had rich cause, for how dare a man, above all, a brother, come between husband and wife? Rupert was your brother and mine, Leolin, the son of our father and mother: nevertheless, I but gave him what he merited. I judged so then; I judge so now that I am on my dying bed. Did any young wife of honor ever serve a husband as mine served me? And I loved her so. She was as the very apple of my eye. Rupert must needs thrust himself between us. He must come down to the place and whisper tales to her and set her against me! Was it pleasant, think you, to hear that they met in their stolen walks almost daily; that they shut themselves in the Keep to avoid my eyes? Those shameful facts became known to me. Then I went to John Gaunt and questioned him—your good father, Sybilla, and our ever faithful friend. I asked him why he harbored Rupert, who was showing himself to be my bitter enemy. Gaunt, in his straightforward way, avowed that Rupert had come to him unexpectedly, craving hospitality for a day or two, and that he had given him a hearty welcome, unaware of any reason why he should not give it. He added that Rupert had stayed longer than was expected, but that he believed he was going away that very evening.—Will you give me that?" broke off Guy, pointing to a wine glass that stood at hand: and Sybilla held it to his lips.

"I charged Gaunt not to say I had spoken to him," continued Guy. "And I watched. If I found him mooning after my wife again, I meant to give him the heartiest thrashing one man could give another. I watched all that day and saw nothing; she, so far as I could make out, did not leave the house. At night, she excused herself from the dinner table, and we sat down without her. At first I thought nothing; but; as the dinner went on, a notion crept into my mind that she might have stayed away to meet Rupert. Leaving my guests, I went to her rooms and could not find her; I went to the Keep, but she was not there. Finally, suspicion and rage growing stronger and stronger with every minute, I came upon them both in the west tower. What sort of a moment do you suppose that was for me?"

Neither of his auditors answered. Sybilla had heard all this before.

"How I could control myself, I know not, but I did; and I stood there, and watched, and listened. The moonlight streamed into the chamber; it was quite light. They were sitting side by side on the old velvet settle, abusing me. For every taunting word that Rupert said of me, she had a worse. She was shedding tears, and openly lamenting that Rupert had to go away. He sat holding both her hands; presently he bent forward and kissed her. As I am a dying man, it is true, Leolin. Kissed her on the cheek.

I nearly cried aloud in my agony of passion; I was feeling for my double barrelled pistol—for I had it with me—when the clock in the quadrangle struck out ten. She started to the casement, saying something about the lateness of the hour, and Rupert followed her. I could not fire then; I meant to do it, Leolin; for I might have shot her instead of him; and in that moment, as I stood waiting, she turned and saw me. You know the rest."

"I—yes—I know that one was killed," hesitated Leolin, feeling that he did but very imperfectly know anything. "We thought it was you."

"The first ball touched him not; before I could fire again, he had sprung upon me, and we had a deadly struggle. In this struggle the pistol went off by accident; not of intent, for I could not get my hand free to act; and to this moment I do not know whether it was any movement on my part or on his, that caused it to go off. Rupert fell. I was mad with rage, blind with passion, and I assure you I have not too clear a recollection of what was done. You know what my fits of rage would be on occasion, Leolin: I was in the worst that had ever befallen me: mad, I say to you; mad with jealousy, with my uncontrollable sense of wrong. I beat him on the face with the end of the pistol. I killed him—killed him."

A pause. There was a great deal yet that staggered Leolin. "Of course I can understand," he said, "how easy it was to mis-

take Rupert for you after death, as you were in many respects so much alike and the lower part of his face was unrecognisable; but he wore your clothes. And it was by the clothes that people judged."

"Not my clothes, Leolin; he wore his own. It chanced that he was in evening dress that night, as I was, he having been dining at Knox's; and black suits, you know are alike. His shirt, you are going to say, bore the name and coronet of Guy Pomeroy. True. But when he was last staying at the abbey our linen had got mixed, through some carelessness of the women; Rupert took some of mine with him to London, leaving some of his with me; and —was it chance again?—that evening he was wearing mine. How did I know it, you ask. I did not know it—how could I have known it?—I learnt all such details in the days that succeeded."

"But he wore your watch and chain, Guy; your signet ring; your——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Guy. "As I looked down on Rupert lying in the moonlight, knowing he was dead, a revulsion of feeling came over me. Not of sorrow for him; no; but of thought for the consequences. For the first time in my life, I went into a panic of fear. Would they hang me for this?—the thought, that they might, took possession of me. How could I escape, I asked myself: what could I do? There flashed through my brain a conviction—and no doubt a true one—that had it been Rupert to survive, he would have got away to safety much better than I; the Lord of Pomeroy was a man of more mark than one of his younger brothers, and would be more minutely sought after. Then I thought—looking upon him—no one can tell now which of us it is, and it shall be supposed that it is I who died. Taking off my watch and chain, my ring, my studs, I put them upon him; emptying my pockets of their contents, I thrust them into his pockets, transferring what he had in his to mine. And then I made my escape."

"To—where?" asked Leolin, breathlessly.

"To the Keep."

"But how did you get to the Keep? How——"

"Stay, Leolin; you shall hear that later. I made my escape to the Keep; and Jerome came to me as speedily as he was able, knowing I must be there. Whilst the abbey was yet in its state of commotion, consequent on finding its lord lying dead in the haunted room, Jerome came to me. He brought me food that night; he brought me food and clothes during the few days that followed; and the evening of the grand funeral, my funeral, he quitted the abbey for good, and took up his abode at the Keep. A week or two later, when the pursuit after the escaped man—Rupert the murderer, as he was being called—was somewhat slackening, I ventured on my own escape, and got away."

"Guy, Guy!" interrupted Leolin, with painful vehemence, "why did you not declare yourself then? It was not too late."

"I thought it was. Then I should have had to stand my trial; there's no doubt of it; which I might not have had to do had I boldly declared myself at first. I did not relish a trial; I would not risk it. Besides, could I have taken her to my heart again? No never."

"I see. Go on, Guy."

"Poor Jerome was worse than I; more timorous. Distress at the turn things had taken, suspense, anxiety for my safety, seemed to be wearing him to a shadow. Equally afraid of my essaying to escape, and of my staying where I was, Jerome was not to be envied, so he brought Gaunt and he aided me with his whole energies. It was Gaunt who arranged everything; lent me money, took a passage for me in a ship going to China—for I chose that place to try first of all others—and drove me away one evening at dusk in his gig. I attired in rough clothes, as an under keeper, with a red woolen cravat bound about my throat and mouth."

Leolin drew a deep breath of relief. He seemed to see as in a picture the peril and the escape. "And you got safely there, Guy?"

"Safely there, to Canton; unmolested and unsuspected. I went as a steerage passenger; we thought it best; calling myself John Cook, and passing as a man who was seeking relatives that had settled in China. From Canton I embarked again, and made my way to George and his wife in India. You remember it Sybilla!—the night I came, and how I startled you?"

"Ah, shall I ever forget it? When the news of the fatal affray here came out to us, that Guy had been killed by Rupert, and Rupert had flown from justice, and could never succeed," she added to Leolin, "my husband had no scruple in assuming his right, as Lord of Pomeroy. George intended to sell out and come home; but before he made his arrangements for doing it the regiment was ordered to a remote, uncivilised district that was in disturbance, where we found no proper accommodation of any kind. Nevertheless, I was glad of the change for myself and the two children—we had two then. One evening when Captain Barkley, as he was then, was sitting with us in our confined quarters, Moore entered and told George that a man wished to see him—wished very particularly. 'Who is he and what is his name?' said George; so went back to ask the name, and brought word it was John Cook. We had been enquiring for a man to do odd jobs about the house, and concluded it was one come after the place. I said I would go and see what he was like—as he was to be my servant more than George's. There he stood in the twilight; Rupert, as I thought then. I was not very strong in health then, and I sank down on a chair, half fainting at his imprudence, and wondering if we should be able to shield him. 'How could you come here, Rupert—how shall we succeed in concealing you?' I whispered. 'It is not Rupert, it is I?' he answered, as he unwound the handkerchief from his chin, and I knew the voice for Guy's and saw the face. A feeling of bewildered horror came over me. I screamed out, and it brought in George and Captain Barkley."

"Go on: tell him all," said Guy.

"We took you—we took him into the sitting room," she resumed to Leolin, "and there Guy told his tale. Captain Barkley of necessity becoming a confident. Guy told us all. Thomas Barkley took up the case warmly and clasped Guy's hands, and said he should be dear to him as a brother."

"And a true brother he has been to me to this self-same hour," added Guy: upon which Leolin began to feel small, as he remembered the animosity to that gentleman which he had been nourishing.

"Captain Barkley took Guy that night to his own quarters"' continued Sybilla, "passing him off as a servant of his mother's, despatched out to him on a confidential mission; in private treating him with the deference and consideration due to the unfortunate Lord of Pomeroy. We did not intend to keep Guy with us long, neither would he have stayed; it was too hazardous; but he got an attack of fever. We nursed him through it, and then he departed again, to be a wanderer, as he expressed it, on the face of the earth. He and George made all their necessary confidential arrangements; George remaining ostensibly the Lord of Pomeroy. Guy wanted him to accept all the revenues, save a mere pittance for his own support—I think you and he nearly quarrelled over that part, did you not, Guy?"

"Something like it," answered Guy, a faint smile for the first time parting his lips.

"It ended in George's accepting a fourth—I think it was—for our own use; the rest, though regularly transmitted to George, was invested by Major Barkley for Guy. Since George's death, I have retained only the same sum—a fourth. You have wondered, I know, at my living so quietly, Leolin," she added, her eyes seeking his; "you did not know, and I dared not tell you, that the rest went to Guy."

No Leolin had not known it; could not have suspected it. He was taking shame to himself for the hard thoughts he had given to Sybilla.

"And this accumulation of money will now pass to you, Leolin," put in Guy. "Barkley has done all that is necessary in readiness for the transfer. I always intended it for you: as soon as my death takes place it is yours."

"You are too generous," murmured Leolin, the tears rising in his eyes. "But surely I have no claim to it?"

"Who else has a better? My own child is amply provided for; Sybilla will take the whole of the revenues now: she and her little son. I went again to India not long before George's death. Ever restless, flying continually from one place to another, never remaining long in one, yearning perpetually for the home and the relatives that were never to be mine, my feet turned of themselves once more to India and to George."

"I—I—can't quite see yet," burst forth Leolin, to whom a remembrance suddenly suggested itself; and in truth, one unexplained puzzle after another crowded so rapidly through his mind as to utterly bewilder him. "If Rupert died as you say, Guy, how could he have come over here from Spain in a bark? Hildyard's head clerk made the passage with him."

"It was I who came, not Rupert," answered Guy. "I have heard of that from Sybilla. Collins mistook me for Rupert. It was easy for him to do so. He knew Rupert well; he did not know me, for he had never seen me; moreover, he believed I was dead. The great resemblance deceived him, and he fully thought he saw Rupert. Charles Knox mistook me for Rupert the other night, and spoke to me."

"I know—I see," mused Leolin. "Did you land?"

"Of course I did. And made my way here, to Pomeroy. Nor for the first time or last, Leolin. Do you wonder that I should so yearn after this, my home, that I could not keep altogether away from it? Four or five times since my death have I come here."

"It was a perilous risk, Guy."

"It was. But I disguised myself cautiously, and chanced the peril. Old Jerome was always on the lookout for me, I believe, not knowing when I might appear: wearing his flesh off his bones with terror when I was here; inventing excuses to keep people out of the Keep. You remember his excuse to you, Leolin, not long ago, when you were here before ten o'clock one morning, and nearly pulled the bell out? I was in bed at the time, and had to dress hastily and conceal myself—who knew but you might take a fancy to walk up here? You asked Jerome what he trembled at? he was trembling for me. Poor faithful old man! His has not been a path of roses."

"And so, this ghost, that has so terrified the abbey from time to time, has been yourself! And you knew this!" he added turning to Sybilla.

"Certainly I knew it," she replied. "Stay, Leolin! I see what that reproachful look means; you think I ought to have told. But I could not: I had given a solemn pledge of secrecy to Guy. Once or twice I thought you must have suspected the truth, when I insisted upon it that the lord was the lord still. You could not expect I should call the erring Rupert, Lord of Pomeroy. At least, you ought not to have expected it."

"How could such a supposition occur to me?" returned Rupert. "I had seen Guy buried with my own eyes; others, as we were led to believe, had seen Rupert since, living: the wildest stretch of imagination could never have pictured the truth. Guy, why did you show yourself in that manner to terrify us?"

"Do you fancy I did it for pleasure?—or to frighten people?" asked Guy, "No, no. Could mortal man, in fair health, accustomed to activity, immure himself within the walls of this confined Keep every hour of the four-and-twenty? I could not. I was obliged to steal out in the dusk and darkness to stretch my limbs, to walk the consuming fever out of my frame; and, can you wonder that I have frequented that west tower, whence I could look upon what was once my happy home—upon the servants that were once mine—upon, now and again, upon my child?"

"You have frightened some of them nearly to death, Guy."

"People don't die of fright," he answered. "The mystery will shortly be cleared for them, for I am only waiting for death. They can make the ghost a joke for the future, Leolin."

Leolin bent over his brother, his voice taking a tenderly anxious tone. "You talk of dying, Guy, but I know not what disease is upon you. Is it incurable?"

"Quite incurable. It is an inward complaint, induced by anxiety, mortification, and grief; and it is sometimes lingering in its process, as it had been in me."

"But you should have advice for it."

"I have had that. When the symptoms became unmistakable, I was in Canada, Barkley with me as usual——"

"Barkley seems to have been a true friend to you," impulsively spoke Leolin, the entrance of Jerome affording opportunity for the interruption.

"There is 'a friend,' you know, 'that sticketh closer than a' brother.' Barkley has been that friend to me. Only a short while, at times, has he left me since he sold out at George's death. He has gone about with me from place to place at home and abroad, shielding me in all ways, looking out for any danger that might be ahead. When I have been here, Barkley was not far off. Sybilla is giving him house-room now, for my sake. But, about my illness? I was in Canada when the symptoms grew too serious to be neglected; not thinking much of the doctors over there, we came home. Barkley took a small furnished house in an obscure part of London, and called in the best medical aid to be had, representing me as a friend from Australia. My fiat—a speedy death—was soon pronounced, Leolin: there was no hope."

"No hope!"

"None. Alleviation there might be, but not cure. We stayed there many weeks, indeed months; everything being done for me that could be; the disease, meanwhile, advancing slowly but surely. When it had pretty nearly spent itself, when a few weeks, as the doctor thought, would bring the end, then I came down here to the Keep and Jerome—for I should not like to die away from Pomeroy. See what it has made of me!" he concluded, holding up his wasted arm. "No ghost was ever thinner than I am. And I think now you have all the explanation, Leolin."

"Not quite," answered Leolin, running over various items in his mind. "I have yet to learn how you could get into the west wing at will."

The lord looked up at his old servant. "Shall we tell him the secret, Jerome? In strict usage, according to tradition, it ought to be known but to the reigning Lord of Pomeroy."

"Ah, sir, what matters it?" answered Jerome, not perceiving that his master had spoken but in jest. "The future Lords of Pomeroy will have less cause for secrets, maybe, than some of the past had. And Mr. Rupert knew of it."

"To his cost and mine," sighed the lord. "There is a subterranean passage, Leolin, from this place, the Keep, to the haunted room in the west tower. The entrance to the room is behind the nun's picture; the panel turns noiselessly. That was how Rupert entered that fatal night; it was how I entered—then, and since. There is a set of keys to all the locks in the west wing: the bunch hangs in the underground passage."

Leolin turned to Jerome. "You knew of this secret communication between the Keep and the abbey?"

"Before you were born, sir. My late master, the old lord, was anxious on this account that I should live at the Keep. He did not want others to find the passage out. But oh!" added the old man, lifting his hands in imploring appeal, first to Leolin, then to Sybilla. "won't you please leave the lord now? This talking and excitement may kill him before his time."

CHAPTER XXX.

LAID TO REST.

IT was Friday and fast day. Father Andrew sat at his frugal dinner: two eggs, the loaf and butter, and a potato salad. He was cutting a huge slice off the loaf when old Marget come in.

"Here's Jerome come across from the Keep, master," she began: "he wants to have speech of you."

"Let him come in," said the priest.

Jerome appeared; some cause of emotion evidently troubling him.

"Father Andrew, you must come with me to the Keep. There's no time to lose." "What's up?" asked the father, ready to joke as usual.

Jerome's low voice took a more solemn tone. "Father, it is to shrive a dead man; the erring soul of a dead man, father: a man who has been dead to the world more than nine years. I bid you come in the name of the Lord of Pomeroy."

Father Andrew made short work of his eggs, and departed for the Keep with Jerome. On the way he listened to the brief relation of what he thought was the most singular history life had ever furnished.

Down by the bedside, her eyes streaming with bitter tears, her hand locked in her dying brother's, knelt Joan Pomeroy. It was the day following the one told in the last chapter, and the lord's last day of life. That but a few short hours of that life remained to him now, was only too apparent.

"To have hidden yourself from us to the last, Guy?" reproachfully sobbed his sister in her bitter grief. "To have allowed others—Sybilla—and Major Barkley—and Jerome, strangers by blood—to know that you were in life, even to see you at will, and to keep it from us!"

"They knew it before, Joan; I could not help myself," murmured Guy. "It was too dangerous a secret to be disclosed."

That had passed when Joan was first brought in earlier in the morning: but she had never risen from her knees, her scalding tears had not ceased to flow. Leolin was there, also Sybilla; and now appeared Father Andrew, more filled with wonder than he had ever been before. Major Barkley stood at the foot of the bed.

A question had arisen in some of their minds during the night. Leolin put it to his brother.

"Guy, is it to be made known—the fact that it was you who lived—that Rupert died? Would you like that it should be?"

Something like a smile actually flitted over the lord's face. "By to-morrow morning I shall be dead as Rupert—what then can it matter to me? It must be made known for the sake of the young Rupert's rights. They will now be indisputable. A few hours more, and he will be the legitimate Lord of Pomeroy. Leolin, your opposition must cease."

"I thought Rupert was alive, you see?" stammered Leolin, feeling a great and sudden shame, he could hardly tell why, for his machinations against the child.

"And what though it had been?" retorted Guy, with a touch of his old sternness. "You did wrong, Leolin—and it has not served you. However, the past is past. Sybilla, Rupert is a brave boy. He will make a more worthy lord than some of us Pomeroys made, if all tales be true."

"Heaven grant him grace to be as he ought to be!" fervently aspirated Sybilla. "It is the one great aim of my life, under God and the Church, to make him such."

"Ay; I saw that in India. I loved him, too, the right-hearted little lad. Tell him that poor John Cook, to whose bed he used to bring his pretty picture books during that fever time, and his pretty loving prattle, was his uncle Guy. He will be a good and true-hearted man; a noble chieftain: Jerome here has sung his praises to me. Sybilla, is it true that he and my child are attached to each other?"

"Very much indeed," she answered, after a moment's pause of surprise. "But, Guy—if I, pardon me, catch aright ly the drift of your thoughts—I would remind you that because they are attached as children, it does not follow that they will be as man and woman."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Logan is mistress of the John A. Logan headquarters at the Leland Hotel in Springfield, Ill. She is an old campaigner and a woman of wonderful judgment, tact and foresight. She is handsome moreover, and is a good judge of human nature.

FRIOLA'S STORY.

BY A. O. C.

ONE morning there came an invitation for us all to spend the coming Christmas week at Saunton Court, the home of my mamma's cousin. My two aunts at once decided that the weather, and their rheumatisms consequent, would effectually prevent their going, but at the same time they absolutely insisted upon my availing myself of an invitation that promised so much enjoyment to one of my age. Reluctant as I felt to leave them alone at such a season, no argument of mine could shake their determination that go I should.

I had been to few balls, and had had but a passing glimpse of the gay world which my cousin inhabited and adorned; therefore it may be supposed my anticipations were entirely of the rosiest rose.

There was a cold, wintry gleam of light as I left the train and made my way to Sir Hubert's carriage—which was waiting outside the station, and the sun had almost sent forth his last good night in red and yellow rays over the moat and lake, when the carriage drew up at the huge portico of the Court.

Without delay I was ushered into the great hall, where everything spoke of the season.

At the sight of me, Lady Saunton left a group of ladies, and coming forward gave me a hearty welcome.

After luncheon and as soon as we could get by ourselves my cousin said:

"Friola, dear, I am going to beg a great favor of you—in fact, I hardly know how to ask it, but I have been in such a state of perplexity ever since the post came this morning. You know the house is quite full—crammed I might say, and this is my dilemma—a very vexing one, too, but I do hope you will not be much annoyed, dear, if I ask you to let Miss Archer share your room for a few days. I can easily have a sofa bed put up in that corner for her,—and people who change their mind at the last minute must not be particular—if you do not very much dislike it."

Having talked herself out of breath, and relieved her mind of its oppressive load, Lady Saunton at once recovered her natural, bewitching manner.

Of course I could nothing but comply.

"Well, Fri," she then said, "you have certainly taken a mountain off my back and I feel very light and very grateful. Only, dear, I hope you will like this Miss Archer. I must find her letter, though I doubt if we can form much idea of her from a few lines."

"But don't you know her?" I exclaimed, for I was somewhat foolish and timid about strangers.

"Why no, I can't say I do," was her reply. "Her family have been abroad for several years. I do just remember seeing this girl at an archery ball in the Autumn, but I could hardly tell what she was like. You must have heard of her people, for they are county neighbors of ours though I think they had most likely gone abroad before you ever came to Saunton."

Here Mary dived into the dainty pocket of her little lace bordered apron and drew from it the letter for my inspection. It was one of the oddest looking missives I ever saw. The contents were word for word as follows:

DEAR LADY SAUNTON.—I have only just returned home from Scotland, and heard of your most kind invitation, which mamma and my sisters were unable to accept. It will give me the greatest pleasure to come to you for a few days, and I hope to reach Saunton Court almost as soon as my letter.

Yours very truly, KATE ARCHER.

Silently I returned the letter to my cousin, whilst at the same moment the sound of wheels on the drive made us both involuntarily start. With a laugh, and a remark about the state of our nerves, Lady Saunton hurried away to receive this much talked of fresh arrival.

* * * * *

"Miss Friola," said my maid a few hours later, "would you mind coming to bed a little earlier to-night? Miss Archer's maid says her young lady is coming up at half past ten, so if you could come a little earlier, Miss Friola, I could get your things put away comfortable before they come up."

"Certainly, Bronton," I replied smilingly. "I shall be very glad to go to roost early to-night, and I promise you not to be later than ten."

How vividly I recall the most trifling incidents of that evening and all the surroundings of the scene. Lady Saunton was so much engrossed with her numerous guests, that I had no opportunity of being introduced to Miss Archer until the ladies returned to the drawing-room after dinner. Then my cousin drew me up to Kate Archer, and after the ceremony of introduction, she left us to sit together on a sofa and so make friends.

I felt sure at first we should easily establish ourselves on a friendly footing, but on further acquaintance I began to feel for her a singular instinctive dislike. I could not well define the sensation but the peculiar strangeness of her presence and language made me, at first, vaguely uncomfortable.

Coming up to me, as our evening was drawing to a close, Lady Saunton expressed herself quite delighted to see me getting on so well with my new companion. Then telling her of my promise of freedom, I retreated to bed before the rest of the party had begun the round of gaieties, but not before a certain packet addressed in the well known Major Barrier hand, had been left by Reggy and conveyed to me by the old housekeeper, and I had retired to my room in time to bolt the door, and throw it to the foot of the grand old staircase, to burn all good nights.

* * * * *

Half an hour afterwards, Bronton had gone, and I was in bed trying to compose my mind for sleep, when the door opened, and Miss Archer came in candle in hand.

"Don't you wish I was to-morrow night?" was her first exclamation, accompanied by a dashing toss of the head. "I suppose Major Barrier is a great friend of yours."

"Reggy Barrier is my cousin, you know," I replied.

"Oh yes," said she, "I know certainly affection and so, that sounds long, but it does not deceive me. I used to call him 'Reggy' in the old days when he was my friend and playfellow."

Miss Archer then left me alone, as she sat on a low chair in front of the toilet glass, slowly and very combing out her long black hair.

At length everything seemed to grow very still, the gentlemen had evidently retreated to Sir Hubert's smoking room, which was at an appreciable distance from the sleeping rooms. There was a great silence. For two or three minutes she appeared to be occupied intently, as though to catch the least sound outside our room. Then having apparently assured herself that all was quiet she sprang up and went to the door. Then she locked, and put the key in the bosom of her wrapper. Then glancing hastily round the room, she pinioned my arms, and seizing the old fashioned rope, tied the cord as high up as she could reach.

I had looked on at these singular movements in speechless astonishment, then resenting herself at the foot of the bed and seeing a hatchet lying near the fireplace it struck me perhaps with a kind of satisfaction that I was not quite defenceless. How utterly I watched the glittering blade going backwards and forwards on the whetstone, the sharpener flapping monotonously present. Swish flap—on went the blade against the leather strop, growing sharper and sharper every moment.

My patience at last gave way, I could bear it no longer.

"Miss Archer," I began—and then my voice was suddenly arrested—"don't you think you had better go to bed,—we shall be up so late all this week!"

For a moment there was no response, then suddenly drawing herself up she looking at me with a pair of eyes that seemed as though they must kill, yet to be near them, she felt so slowly and with such an unpleasant emphasis on each word. "Now, listen to me, Mrs Barrier that is to be—this she said with intense scorn—you see now I have put the bed rope out of your reach also the poker shovel and tongs. The key of the locked door reposes snugly on my bosom; the window is three stories from the ground with no balcony to speak of. The chimney might do for a sweep, but even he would be half broiled in that chamber before he got to the top. There are no sliding panels, and no convenient little doors hidden behind tapestry by which to escape, wherefore and therefore I say you are my prisoner."

In terror, but still in silence, I waited to hear what should follow, with a sure conviction that what had at best occurred merely a nonsensement which was really the prelude to a direful tragedy.

"I mean to kill you," Miss Archer went on more quickly, "yes—in spite of your great eyes and nut brown hair—I say, I mean to kill you, and this ancient knife has to do the work."

At this juncture I started up, staring wildly at my foe. Her eyes fell for a moment beneath my frenzied gaze. I knew nothing of the vagaries of insanity nor yet of the various poses of eccentricity or extreme nonsensical.

"Now I am going to count twenty," she said, "and up to that number you can try to escape, after that, if I lay hold of you I shall cut off your hair and sever your throat from one ear to the other. Now I begin. One."

No scream came from my parched lips as I heard that fiendish sentence. For several seconds I did not shake off the lethargy that had crept over me, but my eyes wandered round the room. I suddenly became conscious that the counting was going on, and had got to ten! At that instant the last ray of self preservation seemed to awake in my brain.

Springing softly out of bed on the side farthest from the bell rope I crept to the dim corner, when, oh joy! I saw there was a small door in the wall and the key was on the inside. Rapidly I turned it, and rushed forwards. A faint moonbeam came struggling in at a little window facing me. to this window I darted, opening it with an almost inspired grace, but I only saw to my horror the kitchen premises were immediately below, and an area made the height far greater here than from the bed room window. Casting a wild glance around I found at once that this outlet was no means of escape, it was merely a closet used for coals. In my despair I took up a Wedgwood vase and darted it with all my might through the window on to the pavement below. Crash, crash it went, accompanied by a ring, piercing scream, issuing from my hitherto spell-bound lips. I heard the fatal "twenty," and I felt my hour had come. At that moment there came a knock at the door and the handle was violently shaken. With a gasping effort I cried out, "Help! murder!" and a strange voice outside answered, "For mercy's sake, hold on miss."

Again a moment's silence, in which, partially revived by the hope these words had awoke in me, I made a last attempt to parry the coming blow, and in doing so fell utterly exhausted at the foot of the bed, but, as I in Greenland there came the sound of many feet, a tremendous crash, and the door was burst open.

Thank heaven I was saved, through at the same moment Kate Archer, with eyes on fire and with such a shriek as I had never heard before, and trust never to hear again rushed at me, and as my dream faded I felt something cold and smooth piercing through my shoulder. Then all was blank.

* * * * *

Months after this strange catastrophe when my wounds were healed, and I had recovered from the low fever which prostrated my strength for many weeks, Lady Saunton carefully told me the particulars of that eventful Monday.

It appeared that Kate Archer had always been extremely excitable and eccentric and once or twice her mind had become so seriously unhinged as to oblige her family to place her under the care of a physician. This was not known in the county as they had been living abroad for several years. As there had been no outbreak for a long time, her mother never dreamt of danger in allowing her to leave home especially as she was always accompanied by a responsible person who was positively devoted to her. This person felt great anxiety when she heard Miss Archer was to share another lady's room, although her worst fears had never imagined her charge might do something strange, and so betray herself. The woman tried vainly to find a pretext for altering the arrangements, but there was not time and no excuse to be found, so she could only wait patiently and hope for the best.

When Miss Archer retired she dismissed her maid at the bed room door, on the plea of her disturbing me, and she came in. Baffled in the plan she had formed of taking away the door key secretly when she left her young lady, Mrs Tucker then determined to come in the door at intervals, to listen if her mistress slept, and during the long night to keep watch and ward. To her watching the escape of my foe was due. She had warned the gentleman who burst open the door just in time.

The unfortunate girl who had nearly shortened the thread of my life never appeared again. Her family took her abroad to some retreat in the South of France, where, I believe, she was never allowed to leave, and the story of her projected crime was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of her family.

On my recovery, I heard that Major Barrier had sailed for India with some of his regiment, but he came back after a year's absence and I returned with him as Mrs. Reginald Barrier.

Celebrations.

CONDUCTED BY

"TIM LINKINWATER" AND "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to L. & M., No. 924 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

SALUTATORY.

Of puzzles from the golden cave,
Of knots, hard words and jests,
Enigmas, charades great,
Rebuses [illegible]
The North and South and East and West,
In fact, how one creates,
A weekly, helps a moment beat
The dull satiation.

Now "Tim" and "Wilkins" send you all
Though late a New Year's greeting,
And ask you to [illegible]
Your [illegible]
And [illegible]
By sigh-free hours but their glory
And praises lock which [illegible] adore
While age grow dim and weary.

"Practice makes perfect" is the thief
Of time, "Change the pace,"
And "Life's short" as well as brief,
The wise for [illegible] to know it,
So don't forget the EVENING POST
The prize for solutions.

And send your purses by the host
To award our contributions.

You puzzlers young and puzzlers old,
And puzzlers gay and solemn,
Come answer, puzzle, pare as gold
[illegible]
Compose with pen and write with ink,
Don't waste a precious hour or
[illegible]
Forward and "Micawber."

No. 1 NUMERICAL.

[illegible]
I and who're to ride.
Produced is 5 to 8 no more,
A carriage is your guide.

N. Y. City. EPHANI.

No. 2. [illegible]
Composed of 6 letters.
1—A promise. 2—A source of joy. 3.—Accurate. 4—Ornament. 5. A flying reptile.
[illegible] Primals—A Saint. Primals and Finals—A marine bird.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 3 CHARADE.

Little laughing maiden Mary
Took their [illegible] of cherry,
To her sweetheart, Johnny Perry.

Johnny received the first with pleasure,
[illegible]
Wished he had a full quart measure.

[illegible]
Through the door they both passed under,
Which with it had been [illegible]

Philadelphia, Pa. WILKINS MICAWBER.

No. 4 SQUARE.

1. A basket. 2. A dominator. 3. Hint. 4. Recompense. 5. Supplying. 6. A genus of plants.

New York City. BOB.

No. 5 DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In whisper it is said,
In fever not in bed,
In [illegible]
In summer not in war,
In pleasure not in woe,
In finger not in toe.
Now set to work and I am sure
I've answers you will soon produce.

Baltimore, Md. ARAB.

No. 6 RHOMBOID.

1. A tone. 2. A muscle. 3. A cape in Hindostan. 4. A certain class of dogs. 5. Reviews. 6. Shawls. 7. An interjection. 8. A flower.

Down. 1. A lover. 2. A weapon. 3. A kind of [illegible] pay. 4. [illegible] 5. A [illegible] 6. A sailor's name. 7. [illegible] 8. A sailor's name. 9. A [illegible] 10. A letter.

Philadelphia, Pa. I. M. TINKINSWATER.

No. 7 ANAGRAM.

Harold a [illegible]
[illegible]
IN THE ANAGRAM THERE [illegible]

Camden, N. J. LOCKSLEY.

No. 8 DIAMOND.

1. A [illegible]. 2. A privilege. 3. Certain articles. 4. Dull. 5. [illegible]. 6. Having the same [illegible]. 7. A carriage. 8. Vow. 9. A town in Turkey. 10. To harass. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1st. The Poetical Maxims, for first complete list.
2d. The Prose Maxims.
3d. Parts of a Sentence.
4th. Mystery of a Crime, by Victor Hugo.

For second, third and fourth prizes to best lists of answers, complete or incomplete, in order of their merit.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions not acknowledged here are respectfully declined.

Metal numerical [illegible] square, 6. Possum, second acrostic, metrical [illegible] diamond, two and four, and rose words. Hal Hazard, one square. Ned Buntline and Bess, geographical [illegible] and anagram. Nellie Osmond, [illegible] cross words. Miss Nobody, two acrostics, and characteristic outlines. Harold H., cross words.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We enter a protest against the ordinary way of spelling words marked "[illegible]" must not be used, and the hackneyed "[illegible]" and "Prov[illegible]" must be no more heard.

Until a gazetteer of the World will be used to verify geographical names, a good authority must be given for all words not found therein.

Answers are preferred on postal cards, all other communications by letter only, with real name and full address.

Write puzzles with ink on note paper on one side only, and not one puzzle and its answer on a page, with author's name in plume attached.

Please offer no prizes.

The following puzzles are chiefly derived [illegible] and [illegible] other sources [illegible] and [illegible] other [illegible] 6 and 7 other [illegible] squares, [illegible] squares, octagons, hexagons, numerical [illegible] in verse, cross words [illegible] and anagrams [illegible] seek reference almost bearing to the original word [illegible] triple [illegible] the latter only if words of [illegible] letters [illegible] the most.

Prompt [illegible] cross words, hexagrams of logogriphs are only wanted when of medium merit and in good verse.

Double acrostics, cross squares, hour squares, letter jumbles, jotagrams, [illegible] cubes of letters, [illegible] cryptograms, [illegible] cross words, [illegible] and charades of [illegible] are not wanted.

We would suggest to our contributors to clip out "Celebrations" every week and file them for future reference, also to keep copies of all puzzles sent us then by publishing "Accepted Contributions" and the list of puzzles [illegible], they will always be aware of their stock in our hands.

We send our ship with hopes and fears,
To sail an unknown sea,
Oh! shall our ships come down 'mid tears,
Or yet return? We'll see!

A SAD SONG.

Love once kiss'd me,
Unfolded his wings and fled
Hath friendship mistook me?
Is faith in all friendship dead?
If a spell could summon
These phantoms that come and go,
Of men and women,
Their very selves to show,
I might find (alas me!)
My [illegible] day
But I pass them, they pass me,
And each on a lonely way.

Soul, art thou friendless,
A lower, sorrowful weak?
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou sailest ever,
Each moment, it sad or kind,
Down the great river;
It opens, it closes behind;
Far back thou seest
The mountain-tops' faint azure;
Before, as thou fleest,
The ripple, the shadow's erasure.

Why dost thou, weeping,
Stretch forth thine arms in vain?
It breaks thy sleeping;
O drop into trance again.
In dream thou may'st go where
Child's Island is flowery grass'd,
Deep skied—it is nowhere
Save in the land of the Past.
Time is flying,
The World too, forget their moan,
The sad wind, sighing
Let murmur, this alone.

Our Young Folks.

Little Dick.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

"NOW, Mr. Sunbeam," interrupted Dick, I am sorry to disturb your sermon, sir, but the fact is I must be going, and Dot here has promised to give me a commission."

"Right, my friend, I have been preaching too long already," and with these words the Sunbeam passed on.

"And I was going to say," put in Dot, timidly, "that I thought the angel with the beautiful eyes, who smiled upon me so kindly yesterday, would perhaps take care of you through the winter and give you food, if you could only find her.'

"Oh!" cried the daisies, "so that was the reason Dot was so anxious for a pair of wings to fly after her."

"You dear, good little soul," said Dick, "tell me what she was like, and I will obey orders."

Christel, for that was the name of Dot's angel, was a fair-haired little girl, with large loving eyes and a white pinafore—in fact, she was rather like a daisy herself. On this particular afternoon she was sitting by an open window in the schoolroom of the house on Quellthorp Hill, where, you remember, Mr. Cricket resided; she was trying very hard to learn her French verbs.

Suddenly she heard a low musical chirrup, and looking out through the frame of honeysuckle clusters which made the window fragrant, she saw Dick eyeing her gravely from the gravel walk below. "Oh, Fred!" she called out to her brother, "here is just the most knowing little bird I ever saw. Now isn't he, Fred! And he doesn't seem a bit afraid of me."

"Only a shabby little sparrow!" said Fred, contemptuously. "Rather a saucy one too to venture so near the window."

But Dick was sure now that he had fulfilled his commission, so while Fred was speaking he spread his wings to fly home. The house on Quellthorp Hill was quite a long way from the little maple coppice where the daisies lived but though Dick was tired with his flight, he determined not to rest until he had told Dot of his success.

"Oh, Dick, we are so glad to see you!" cried the flowers. "And now tell us all about it."

"I am quite willing," said Dick. "I flew first to the little cottage outside the wood, but nobody lived there except a deaf old woman, and she does not answer to your description at all. So I hurried away over the fields, and across the turnpike road, till I reached the large white house among the elm trees on Quellthorp Hill——"

"And did you find——," interrupted Dot.

"Softly, softly, little one," said Dick.

"As I entered the beautiful garden I met a little cousin of mine, and from him I inquired whether any one who loved flowers and had beautiful eyes lived in the white house."

"And what did your cousin say?" asked the daisies. "Oh, he told me," said Dick, "that he had seen a child there who was fond of birds and flowers, and all living things, and had learned to talk to them with her eyes. And I found her sitting at the open window. She is as beautiful as the day, and I think she is an angel."

"Oh, I know she will take care of you," said little Dot with a happy smile. "I will ask the South Wind to tell her your name and all about you, and to ask her to watch over you through the winter."

* * * * * *

The next evening Christel had a romp with her brother in the garden, and when she was quite tired out with her game of "Hide and Seek" she sat down to rest on a mossy bank among the rose bushes while Fred went to feed his rabbits. Her eyes were sleepy, and her little head was soon nodding. The South Wind thought that this was a famous opportunity to tell his story. So he stole in at her ear and gave her a lovely dream, in which he told her all about Dick and the daisies, and explained to her just where they lived. That was how it came to pass that the next evening at sunset-time little Christel was sitting beside Dot and her sisters, and talking to them with those wonderful eyes of hers. I may not repeat all the secrets which they told to one another, but I do know that Christel promised to take good care of Dick all through the dreary winter time.

CHAPTER II.

"What on earth are you talking about, Christel?" This exclamation came from Fred, as he rushed into the schoolroom with a merry shout one bright morning in February. "Why, you must have lost your head, old lady, to be chattering to yourself in this style!"

I have never been able to discover why Fred was so fond of calling Christel his "old lady," for the sunny golden curls and the white pinafore looked anything but ancient.

"Hush, hush, Fred! Don't make such a noise!" said the sweet child-voice. "I am so afraid you will frighten away my dear little Dick."

"And who is Dick?" asked Fred, in a forced whisper, as he stepped on tiptoe towards the the open window. "Why, mercy me!" he added, with a peal of sudden laughter, "the child's talking to that old brown sparrow. The old chap's eaten all the crumbs already; why doesn't he fly away, I should like to know!"

"Oh, Fred, Fred, how could you?" said Christel, with reproachful tears. "Didn't you see how sorrowful Dick looked when you said that, and how he took to his wings directly?"

"Oh, well, I'm glad he's off!" said Fred, rather gruffly, "for I want you to come out and skate instead of chattering to every stray dicky-bird that may come in your way."

Dick had felt as blithe as a blackbird when he arose on that eventful morning, for the sun had beamed down kindly through a wreath of lovely white clouds; and earth and air seemed all alive with the first faint promise of the spring. The low ripple of the brook was no longer frostbound, the snow had left no sign on the maple trees, except the great pendant diamonds that quivered at the end of every tiny twig. Dick could almost have fancied that the buds on the trees were beginning to expand a little, very little, in their first glossy promise of unfolding; and after a minute examination of the blackthorn, he was quite sure it would be in blossom earlier than usual.

"It will not be very long," he chirped, as he flew on to the window sill of the schoolroom at Quellthorp—"it will not be very long before the happy summer time comes."

"Flies and fiddlesticks!" muttered the gloomy Spider, who was hiding in a cranny of the window frame—"flies and fiddlesticks!" and, with this encouraging remark, he waddled down stairs to tell his cousin, the Cricket, how that young beggar of a sparrow was actually deluding himself into a hope for the re-awakening of the world.

Dick had already had quite a nice long chat with Christel, before Fred's inhospitable speech had sent him flying, so that it was later than usual when he reached the maple coppice that morning, and a cold wind, which had already risen in the valley below Quellthorp, was rushing to and fro through the maple branches. The song of the Brook was by no means so jovial as in the early morning, and he told Dick, with any icy shiver, that he felt a presentiment of coming storm. Dick had perched himself on a swaying bough above the grave of his friends, the daisies, and he was chirping very sweetly about the beautiful awaking time, when gloomy winter would be no more.

"I think you had better go home, Dick," said Mr. Sunbeam; no sooner had he spoken than stray snow flakes began to flutter eastward, but Dick did not seem to notice them, and the Sunbeam could not stay to give more definite warning—he was already gone. "You had better get into shelter directly, Dick!" said the Breeze, who, by-the-by, was quite hoarse with a bad cold "I'll finish your carol for you;" and indeed the snow was now falling so heavily that his advice seemed only kind.

Dick's merry eyes twinkled at that offer of a song, but he bowed politely, and was about to fly away home, when he was arrested by a low faint moan among the grassblades; and he hurried down through the blinding snow into their midst.

"Dear kind old Dick," the little grasses whispered, "we are afraid of the dark, and the wind is drawing great black curtains over the sky."

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, mother! it is almost twilight now, and Dick has not come yet. I have never known him to miss his afternoon meal before," said Christel, dolefully. "I'm afraid he's lost in the snow. Oh, Dick, Dick!" Here the sobs came thick and fast, for the air was still white with the driving snow, and the wind had covered the garden with huge uneven drifts.

"Why, Christel, my darling," said her mother, as she drew the little girl gently away from the window, "you could not expect your little friend to come through such a storm as this."

"Oh, but that is just why I have been expecting him all these hours, mamma, he always comes to me for shelter in bad weather, and I let him fly about in the verandah till it's fine again. Poor Dick. I believe he went this morning to visit little Dot's grave, and I think he must have lost his way in the snow. Mother," she added, as a bright thought struck her, "let me go and find him!"

"What, let my little Christel go out in such a snowstorm as this, to look for a sparrow? No, my pet, I can't do that. Besides, it would be quite dark before you reached home again, and you know you are always so much afraid of the dark."

This last consideration made Christel's lip quiver and her eyes hesitated for a moment, and then both her arms were round her mother's neck, as she answered, "Mamma, if you will let me have my way this once, I will promise never to be a coward in the dark any more. I will wrap up so cosily that I can't catch cold and I know every inch of the way between here and the maple coppice. Will you let me go, dear mother?"

A few minutes later a little fur clad figure, with a scarlet hood and a big umbrella, might have been seen fighting her way through the storm down Quellthorp Hill. It has stopped snowing now, but the wind whistled and howled through the trees, and blew great shreds of drifting cloud across the darkening sky. Every tree, every bit of railing, every stock and stone upon the road, looked dark and mysterious in the lonely twilight among the long and deepening shadows.

"Oh dear! I do wish my hair would not get into my eyes so!" Christel said this for company's sake, for she thought perhaps she should be less afraid if she only kept on talking, but her voice trembled at its own tones before she had finished the sentence, and her fingers were shaking dreadfully, as she tried to push a stray wisp of golden hair under the scarlet hood, and clasp the fur tippet more closely about her throat. The snow was pretty deep here and there, but the sturdy umbrella made a famous staff, and the child picked her way daintily. She was tempted at every step to turn back, but she only rushed on the faster, talking loudly to the snow-laden hedges and the ghostly trees past which she sped. Once she thought she heard a footstep behind her, and her quick imagination conjured up robbers and dragons. But she only clutched the old umbrella a little more tightly, and murmured beneath her breath, with a fervent appeal in the tremulous whisper, "Our Father!"

Involuntarily she looked up for a moment into the dark heaven, and from behind a cloud there arose the evening star, glowing with a pure and lovely light. Then she gave a sigh of relief, and so thankful was she for the gracious sympathy, that the rest of the way seemed very short to her. By the time she reached the maple coppice, the wind was silent, and the moon had risen, so that it was not difficult to find the old tree beneath whose shadow the daisies were buried. The South Wind had confided to her the secret of their resting-place. With a heart beating fast and loud she dug into the snow with her little trembling hands. At last she started back. Surely she felt Dick's feathers, but oh! how cold and still! She laid the little lifeless form in her warm bosom, and chafed it with her own chilly fingers, and let her burning tears fall upon it, till at last she thought she felt a faint fluttering at the bird's heart. "Ah, he lives!" she exclaimed fervently, as she kissed Dick's ruffled feathers with her soft red lips, and breathed upon his closed eyes. At the same moment she was suddenly enveloped in her father's rough warm great-coat, and his kind arms clasped her closely as he whispered, "My little daughter has been very brave to-night." He had followed Christel, unseen by her, and determined that she should learn her little lesson of heroism alone. But it seemed to him now that he could help to save Dick from the deathlike stupor in which Christel had found him.

When he opened his eye for the first time that evening, in the house on Quellthorp Hill, he was lying in the loving clasp of his brave little friend's hands, and as he looked up gratefully into those expressive eyes of hers, he heard Christel tell her father and mother that she had never loved the little bird quite so much before. "No, dear," said her father, as he stroked his little girl's hair. "Come, Fred, put some more wood on the fire. And, mother darling, we should like a cup of tea."

Can you tell me how it was that, when Dot and Pearl and their pretty sisters awoke in the early summer time, they found themselves in a paradise of roses under Christel's window, and with Dick chirping from a bough overhead?

Christel knew. Dot once overheard the Spider say that they had been transplanted; but I cannot pretend that she understood the term. Even the South Wind could not help her much, for he only whispered, "Christel's an angel!"

A. M.

[THE END.]

MEN'S NAMES.

The study of men's names is as curious as it is interesting. Arbitrary as they seem to-day, they all had their source evidently in some fitting fact. Many English surnames express the county, estate, or residence of their original bearers; as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, Cornwall; Gaskin and Gascoyne, from Gascony; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack from Poland; Welsh, Walsh and Wallis, from Wales; Coombs, Compton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England Camden, the antiquary, says every village in Normandy has surnamed some English family. Dale, Forest, Hill, Wood, and the like, are derived from the character or situation of those who first bore the names.

The prefix atte or at, softened to a or an, has helped to form a number of names. Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attemoor or Atmoor; if near a gate, Attegate or Agate, John atte the Oake was in due times shortened into John Noaks; Peter at the Seven Oaks into Peter Snooks. Byfield, Byford, Underhill and Underwood, indicated residence originally. In old English, applegarth meant orchard; whence Applegate and Appleton; chase, a forest; clive, a cliff; clough, a ravine; cobb, a harbor; whence these names.

The root of the ubiquitous Smith is the Anglo Saxon smitan, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and smithers or strikers in general. Baker, Taylor, Butler, Coleman (coalman), Draper, Cowper (cooper), Cutler, Miller, and the rest plainly denote occupations. Latimer is from latiner, a writer of Latin. Lorimer is a maker of spurs and bridle bits; Arkwright, a maker of chests; Lander, contracted from lavender, a washerman; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, a huckster; Wait, a minstrel; Crocker; a potter. Such names as Baxter and Bagster are the feminine of Baker, Webster of webber or weaver, which shows that trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for some time kept the feminine names.

THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE.—A contemporary gives this description of the willow-pattern plate. "To the right is a mandarin's country seat. In the foreground is a pavilion; in the background an orange-tree; and to the right a peach-tree in full bearing. The estate is enclosed by a fence At one end of the bridge is the famous willow tree, and at the other a gardener's cottage. At the top of the plate, left hand side, is an island with a cottage on it. The birds are doves. The three figures are the mandarin's daughter, with a distaff in her hand, the lover; and the mandarin. The story is as follows. The mandarin had an only daughter, Li Chi, who fell in love with Bhang, her father's secretary, and he lived in the island cottage at the top of the plate. The mandarin forbade the match, and the lovers eloped, and lay concealed for a time in the gardener's cottage, and from their made their escape to the island home of her lover. The father pursued them with a whip, and would have beaten them to death had not the gods changed them into turtle-doves. It is called the willow-pattern because at the time of the elopement the willow began to shed its leaves.

THE GAME OF BACKGAMMON.—Clearly backgammon and the more complicated French trictrac are descended from the Roman game of the "twelve lines" which was played throughout the Empire. This is the game which Ovid says has lines as many as the gliding years has months, and he means it where he gives the lover insidious counsel, when his mistress casts the ivory numbers from her hand, let him give himself bad throw and play them ill. Among the Christian antiquities in Rome is a marble slab, on which a backgammon table is cut, with a Greek cross in the middle, and a Greek inscription that Jesus Christ gives victory and help to diceres if they write His name when they throw the dice—Amen. Carelessly scratched as it is, by some stone-cutter whose faith went beyond his trictrac, it shows that the board was like ours even to the division in the middle, which makes the two groups of six points on each side. From ancient Rome, too, we inherit the habit of making the backgammon-board with a draught-board on the reverse side.

A FRENCH DANDY.—There is usually very little to record as regards any innovation in men's costumes, but just now in Paris many of the dandies wear very tiny hooks at the top of their boots, and corresponding eyes on the trousers by which to keep them up on wet days.

ONLY TO LIVE.

BY P. W. BOURDILLON.

Only to live! There nothing is more sweet,
Only to live! There nothing is more bitter.
Only to live, when flowers are at the feet
And overhead the nappy swallows twitter.
Only to live! There nothing is more sweet.
Only to live, when flies the angry sleet,
And the head bows above a dead love's litter
Only to live! There nothing is more bitter.

BLACK LEAD PENCILS.

THE use of black lead for writing and drawing is of obscure origin; but it was not till the year 1564 that the celebrated English mine of Borrowdale, in Cumberland was discovered, and in the following year the first pencils were made from it. The black lead from this mine used to be taken out with as much precaution as if it had been a diamond; in fact it was worth any ordinary diamond mine, for it used to produce from $150,000 to $500,000 annually, the mining of it being confined to only six weeks in the year. The crude lumps or blocks, in the course of manufacture, were scraped clean and sawed into plates of the thickness of a pencil lead, then a grooved stick was taken, one edge of this plate set in at one end and broken across even with the groove; then the plate was raised into the groove again, close to the end of the first piece, and again broken across, and so on till the groove was filled, when a piece of wood was glued on above it, and the pencil rounded into shape.

The processes used in manufactories now are much more scientific than the rude method then employed; one manufactory here alone employing twenty-eight different patents on all parts of the manufacture. The greater part of the black lead or graphite used in this country is obtained from Georgia. The number of different styles of pencils called for by the public, from the commonest school pencil up to the very finest grade for artists, is surprising. Including several styles of colored pencils or crayons, there are manufactured three hundred and sixty different sorts of pencils, fourteen of which are made into black lead pencils.

In describing the operations which result in a lead pencil as manufactured to-day it will be convenient to begin with the experience through which the black lead is carried. Black lead is a soft crumbly powder, with lumps all through it, having its own well known greasy feeling and gloss. This is refined by being mixed with water in a series of tanks, where it is stirred and left to settle, transferred and left to settle again, over and over, the impurities being gradually thrown out and the lead itself assorted by qualities.

When this is done about one fourth of the original has been rejected as grit, earth &c. The remainder is scooped into shallow saucers of pottery, like those used for flower pots, but of a larger size, measuring, say ten inches across; and in these, like so many mud pies, the precious stuff is placed in a drying room kept at 120° Fahrenheit until the moisture is thoroughly driven out. They are then crushed in a dry mill, transferred into a heavy mullerin a circular trough, where it is mixed with a different, but finer grained mud, which gives it a remarkable tenacity.

This mass is then subjected to the action of a three hundred ton power screw press, under which it finds no escape from its agony except by spurting through one small hole provided for it in a little solid brass die about as large as a thimble. The hole of this die is the exact shape and size of the lead—square, hexagonal, or oval, large or small, as the case may be. Of these dies there are sixty, and it is in passing through the first appearance takes place of anything like a pencil lead. It comes through the die an endless, damp, soft, tough, black string or strap, which is coiled on a board, moving back and forth, and across, so as to bring the coil to a long oval. It is then cut into lengths three times as long as a pencil, laid in an oven and subjected to a long, slow, delicate baking process, from which it emerges with all the qualifications necessary to a pencil lead. They are then cut into proper lengths, and are ready to be cased with wood.

A small quantity of white wood is used for some inferior pencils, but nearly all pencils made are cased in red cedar which is cut in Florida. The logs are cut into planks whose thickness is equal to four pencils; they are then cut into laths, whose width is the thickness of a plank, and in this condition they are seasoned. These laths are then cut into strips as long as one pencil, but as wide as four. The next thing is to groove these blocks on one side for leads for the four pencils and on the other for the divisions between them. After being trimmed and smoothed the lead is then dipped in glue and laid into its grooves, and a thinner strip, just half the thickness of the grooved one, is glued upon it.

After a little more trimming they are piled in a pipe that lets them down flatways upon table of a noisy little machine. As each touches the table a finger comes up behind it and quickly pushes it out to a set of saws that divides it into four pencils, which are instantly driven forward again into a shaping machine, from which they fall—round and practical cedars pencils at last into a box. Then follows the polishing, being laid on an endless belt that carries them rolling along under a set of furiously vibrating emery surfaces, from which they come out smooth and shiny. They are then colored and polished, and last of all comes the lettering, and this is the first time that we arrive at a process through which the pencils have to pass one at a time.

Japanese Forms of Torture.

PERSONS accused of murder, incendiarism, robbery and other serious and capital crimes; those who are morally proved to be guilty or whose accomplices have confessed, but who themselves remain mute; and all those charged with offences against the government are liable to be subjected to all or any of the following modes of torture, not, as in preliminary examinations, in the presence of the magistrate or judge, but in a place set apart for the purpose presided over by the official torturer. When a person charged with any of those crimes refuses to plead or enters a plea of not guilty he is informed that torture will be employed in his examination and that when he desires to explain the full extent of his misdoing the proper officer will attend to record his confession. Arrived at the prison the accused is securely handcuffed and may first be subjected to the stone torture. Five large pieces of cedar or pine wood, triangular in shape and about three feet long, are placed upon a platform, side by side, the apexes uppermost, and upon them the accused is made to kneel in a position which exposes the front of the lower legs to the edges of the wood. This position, painful as it must be, is but preliminary, for upon the sufferer's thighs are placed, one at a time, pieces of stone, each weighing sixty pounds. Stones are slowly added until the accused yields and makes confession or becomes insensible.

In the box torture the accused, bound hand and foot, is placed in a crouching posture in a strongly-made box having a movable lid arranged to fit inside the box and to be raised or depressed at pleasure. Upon the lid of this machine weights are slowly added until a crushing power is acquired under which nature must succumb.

The scale torture is where an upright triangle is prepared, from which depend two ropes attached to a pole, forming an inner triangle suspended from the apex of the other. The accused is fastened to the ropes by his feet and ankles, while each arm, stretched to its fullest extent, is bound to the pole below. While the prisoner is hanging in this position, with head downward, rotary motion is given to the rope in one direction sufficient to give it force to revolve in the other direction with great velocity, during which the body of the accused is beaten with bamboo poles.

The originators of the water torture relied upon the torment of thirst as more powerful than mere corporal suffering. The prisoner is for several days confined to an extremely salt diet without rice or water. When two or three days passed the craving for water becomes incessant and the sufferings of the tortured man approach the bounds of insanity. Efforts are then made to obtain confession by subjecting the sufferer to the agony endured by Tantalus when in the midst of the infernal lake whose waters he could not touch. On all sides the thirst-distracted prisoner beholds water—water for which he would sacrifice everything—but which he cannot touch except upon the condition of confession.

Grains of Gold.

Dig a well before you are thirsty.

The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.

Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.

Better to think and not say and say and not think.

Did you ever benefit yourself by losing your temper?

It requires an abler man to take advice than to give it.

Words are oftener the substitute than the vehicle of thought.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth.

Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.

No one needs so much watching as he who is always watching others.

Be careful in little things; it is the straws that show which way the current runs.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

It is not after all so much what we enjoy as what we expect to, that makes us happy.

Between the gabble of the fool and the tattle of a man there is but a slight difference.

When selfishness is on foot its first effort is to make you doubt the character of your friend.

When God looks down upon poverty with pity, so ought man to lift his eyes up to it with respect.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

Never fail to tell the truth. If truthful, you will get your reward. You will get your punishment if you deceive.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth, and begin striving for ourselves.

There is one single fact, which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death bed.

About one-half of all the trouble in this world is manufactured to order out of nothing, and a large share of the other half is the result of not knowing the true value of things.

As wise men let themselves appear natural before fools, it is well to appear as a fool at times to learn, where men who think themselves wise are weak, and then bind them, or know in the future where to thrust the javelin.

To keep back part of the truth may not always be wrong, since it is not everybody's business to know everything. But to keep part of the truth with an intention to deceive, is falsehood, quite as much as an outspoken lie.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become them, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance our duties.

There is nothing so silly, or in its own way so under-bred, as that fluid confidence which tells all its affairs on the slightest provocation—unless it be that want of delicacy which asks for what is not voluntarily given and what is not warranted by the term of friendship.

Bareback riders in circuses, at least in those of England, are the most popular of circus performers; and the best of the class, a lady who is very graceful in her acts, receives $500 a week during her engagement. The two best male riders of England receive $300 and $400 a week. Clowns of the best kind receive $50 and $75; and they are going out of fashion.

Karoli is a Parisian and loves pictures and fine crockery. Karoli is rich and has been so from birth, but several years ago, while he was in London and his father cut off his supplies, he started as an assistant to an animal tamer. Since that time he has tamed tigers and serpents, so that there is no man who can claim to be his rival.

Femininities.

A parting glass—The maiden's final look in the mirror at her new hat.

Never ask a young lady why her back hair doesn't match that in front.

A Buffalo widow, aged sixty, recently married the husband of her deceased daughter.

"Get thee behind me, Satin," is what the lady says to her trail. That is, if it's a satin trail.

Thirty years ago there was not a single woman doctor in this country; now there are over 500.

Female education is often a gaudy and tawdry setting, which almost hides the jewel it should bring out.

There are in this country three medical colleges exclusively for women and four men's colleges where women are admitted.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

Robust women often work in the Pennsylvania coal mines in male attire, but without taking the trouble to pretend that they are men.

No woman can be employed in an Austrian Railway office unless she is under twenty-five and will promise not to marry under three years.

Mrs. Stodgee—"How be your wife a gettin' on, Mr. Henpecked?" Mr. H.—"I be most mortal glad, Mrs. Stodger, to say she's recoverin' very slowly."

It is an interesting sight, watching a young lady in Sunday school endeavoring to instruct a class of little girls, while her own mind is centered upon a class of big boys.

A young couple were returning from the theatre, where they had witnessed a love scene acted. "I can do better than that myself," the young man remarked. "Why in heaven's name don't you then," she replied.

The English country coat for ladies' wear is an ulster with a large cape attached, which may be drawn up into a hood with a ribbon, tying under the chin, thus affording a complete protection to the head and neck.

Pretty black silk aprons are made of a square of black silk with one corner cut off at the waist and the opposite corner forming the bottom of the apron. The whole is trimmed with Torchon, Smyrna, or Russian lace bordering, and pockets to match.

A little girl who was somewhat out of sorts, but whose exact ailment no one had been able to discover, amended her evening prayer of "God bless papa and mamma," by adding "and cure me if there's anything the matter with me."

A widower had five grown-up daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife, but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross the door-sill. If he can't marry the girls shan't, he says. But the girls will give in by-and-by. They can't stand that sort of thing forever.

After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches in Adrian, Mich. the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears according to custom; at the sight of which the groom followed suit with a copious flow of the briny fluid.

They boast up in New Hampshire of an ex-teacher, a lady who is a good English, French and Latin scholar, who is now engaged in tree culture. She was recently seen felling trees and chopping them up into four-foot lengths. In all of her operations she refuses the help of the robuster sex.

A fan is a very useful article in excessively hot weather; but when it becomes so necessary to the make-up of a woman of fashion that she keeps up a breeze in church from force of habit, when the thermometer is among the forties, and the short-haired gent in the next pew is obliged to turn up his coat-collar, it is time an injunction order was served upon her.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A girl was once asked in the month of January to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk lad, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said, with a blush, "Wouldn't April do as well?"

LILACS.—Lilacs are a very popular flower in France. There are more than forty-five varieties given in the lists of French catalogues. These flowers are also grown in forcing houses for winter display, and are frequently grown in the dark so as to supply blanched white flowers, which are in great demand. In the neighborhood of Antwerp, artificial white lilacs are grown in tubs placed in the living room of the common people, and close to their stoves when the temperature is high.

A CHEAP PAINT.—To make a cheap paint for barns and outhouses put half a bushel of good lime in a clean barrel, and add enough water to make a thin whitewash, stirring with a flat stick till every lump is dissolved; then add fifty pounds of mineral paint (the color preferred) fifty pounds whiting, fifty pounds road dust. Add linseed oil and mix to a thick paste. Then thin to the proper consistency for spreading with the brush, by adding sweet buttermilk from the churn, in small quantities at a time, to give the paint a chance to assimilate.

Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, is described as having a square, honest-looking face, with coal black hair "banged" on his forehead and braided behind. He wears garments displaying all the colors of the rainbow.

DRILLING GLASS.—Glass can be easily and neatly drilled with a small drill, operated by a bow, and kept moist by spirits of turpentine.

A man in western Iowa, who is a candidate for three offices, has invented a method of shaking hands by postal card.

You can't get anything in this world without money, some say; but this is not true, for without money you get into debt.

The water in the Straits of Gibraltar, at the depth of 670 fathoms, is four times as salt as at the surface.

Laconics.

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

Sentimentalism is governed by the liver.

Eternal vigilance is the price of ash barrels.

Is a dog worth what he will fetch or what he will bring?

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk; the last is his bier.

"Discord will kill me," as the musical African remarked on the gallows.

Our customers came to stay, as the rude shopboy in the corset store remarked.

The poet who had an ode to his mistress' eyebrow wished that it was all he owed.

"To step aside is human"—especially when a runaway team is coming down the street.

When a farmer gets in his grain he elevates it, and when it gets into the farmer it elevates him.

A young man who didn't get out of the way of the omnibus in time says he felt rather stage-struck for a moment.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a sot to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.

If there is anything in this world more abundant and less satisfying than promises we have yet to learn what it is.

When a pair of skates gets to going faster than the lad who wears them, the boy will almost invariably sit down in a very spiteful manner.

It is terribly exasperating to a really good pious man to sit down suddenly on an icy sidewalk and see the wicked safely "stand in slippery places."

There is a trackless waste of difference to a man between the request, "Will you lend me a quarter?" and the invitation, "Will you take a drink?"

There is a lawyer down East so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have its dew.

They bounced him literally and figuratively, starting him down two flights of stairs, and he murmured, resignedly, "Well, p'raps it's just as well. I was going down any way."

Skating is a very healthful exercise. It not only puts in play all the muscles of the legs and arms, but it creates bumps on the head for future phrenologists to feel and report on.

A young gentleman was yesterday accusing another of having a big mouth. "Yes," said the other, "but the Lord had to make yours small so as to give you plenty of cheek."

There is a man in Virginia who says he has not slept for 15 years, and that he lies and thinks all night. We cannot vouch for his thinking, but he evidently keeps on lying all day, too.

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Och!" answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

"It is all very well," said a henpecked husband, when told to look after the children; "it's all very well to tell me to mind the youngsters, but it would suit me better if the youngsters would mind me."

They were playing a game of euchre together when she casually remarked: "So you take my heart, do you?" "Why—certainly—yes?" replied he, hurriedly glancing into her eyes. And the game was up.

A marvelous change came over the feelings of the sneak who quietly accepted five quarters for a dollar, and when at a safe distance from the store discovered to his disgust that they were all twenty cent pieces.

Owing to the custom of dyeing the hair blonde, the guests of our cheap boarding houses are unable to note the changes among the female help as accurately as formerly, the hairs in the hash being of a more uniform color.

There are three things that no man can keep—a point on a pencil; a pointed joke; and an appointment with a dentist. There are three things no woman can do—cross before a horse; hurry for a horse-car; and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.

If you are too poor to buy a telescope, but wish to discover planets invisible to the naked eye, go to the rink, strike out boldly, and when your blood is up, and your heels is also up, look right into the blue sky, and the planets will come down and play tag with the end of your nose.

Sympathetic bystander (about an unfortunate man who has been knocked down and stunned by the train)—"Poor man! Take him to the station—" Injured one (recovering)—"Take me to th' station! What for, then? If am've dune ony harm to yo'r engine, aw's willin' to pay for't."

Cream! Rich, unctuous cream! What tantalizing vision of delicious strawberries and spring bonnets it summons up! And yet there is nothing particularly angelic in the milkman's scream that wakes you up at five on a Sunday morning, and sends you with a bound to the window under the impression that somebody is certainly being murdered in the street below.

Two men, driving an old horse in a cart, and having a barrel in behind the seat, attempted to turn. It was a dismal failure. The cart went over, the horse went down, and the barrel rolled away, while the two men were so tangled up that they could not extricate themselves. Nine men reached the spot simultaneously, and eight of them rushed to see if the barrel was injured, while the ninth halted midway between the barrel and the struggling victims, and called out, "Is that whiskey in the barrel?"—"No; it's vinegar," answered one of the pair.—"'Tis oh! Well, I suppose we'll have to lift that cart up," sighed the ninth, as he walked around it.

I SUFFERED for several years from Asthma, and from some Affection of the Throat resembling Bronchitis. After spending a great deal of money on various medicines, with no material benefit, in March last, on the recommendation of Mr. F. Peters, of this place, I obtained Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. After taking two bottles of this remedy, I found myself so much relieved, that I continued taking it until I used seven bottles, and by this time my symptoms had all disappeared, and I have every reason to believe myself cured.—*W. Rodin, Colspring, Austin Co., Texas.*

EXPECTANCY.

BY C. T.

I've read and heard sweet stories manifold
Of maidens who were blessed beyond compare
By lovers noble as the men of old
And as Apollo fair.

For such a one I wait, with hope, not pain;
The hope, like sunshine, maketh glad my life;
I know desire cannot exist in vain—
So I shall be a wife.

As wait the patient flowers for coming Spring
So wait I for my lover, may be he
Fairer than May time, nearer than the Spring.
To my fond heart and me.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

THE romantic story of "Beauty and the Beast" is deservedly one of the most popular of fairy tales. In the form to which we are so well accustomed, it has gone the round of the civilized world, and has even made its way into lands tenanted by barbarous people.

Although it would be impossible at this day to ascertain when or where the legend first originated, France is entitled to the credit of its revival—so to say. In the year 1740, Mme. de Villeneuve, an authoress of note, published a collection of stories supposed to be told by an old woman to a family during a voyage to San Domingo; one of them being a long and tedious romance, under this title.

From this source or another original which literary search has been unable to discover, it has naturalized itself in many lands, passing from literature to the folk-lore to which so many literary productions are indebted for their existence, appearing in different forms. In the Russian version a merchant plucks a rose for his youngest daughter, and is condemned to die by the rose's proprietor, a three-headed snake. His daughter gives herself as his ransom to the snake, which treats her well, and after a time lets her go home for a visit, saying:—"Take care not to be late. If you are only a minute behind time, I shall die of grief." She tarries too long, and is late, and she finds the snake lying dead in a pond, "for it had flung itself into the water from grief." She shrieks, drags the snake's body out, "embraces one of its heads, and kisses it ever so closely." Whereupon the snake turns into a "brave youth," and says—"No snake am I, but an enchanted prince."

If we trace the genuine folk tales in which a beast becomes the husband of a beauty, we shall generally find that his appearance is the result of a demon's curse. In most of the European examples the demoniacal being is a species of ogress or witch, and the parent of a daughter whom she wishes the hero to wed. And the change which the curse works in his appearance is of a peculiar nature. His brutal exterior forms a kind of husk which he can doff at times. If he can induce a mortal maiden to wed him, and to live with him a certain time without ever seeing him in his human shape, the spell will be broken. He finds the maiden, and she lives happily with him for a time. But her impatience or curiosity leads her to neglect the conditions on which the cure depends. Her husband is carried off by the demon, and it is only after long and painful wanderings that she is able to recover him. As we trace the story eastwards we find that the idea of the demon mother who wishes to secure a brilliant match for her daughter becomes lost. The hero is generally a supernatural being whose union with a mortal wife depends for its continuance upon her obedience to his commands, or is closely connected with the existence of the species of husk which he wears while playing the part of an inferior being. When the husk is destroyed he either loses his transforming power and settles down into an ordinary husband, or he disappears and is seen no more.

The Sicilian story of Peppino contains an incident probably borrowed from one of the Psyche stories. Peppino is married to a mysterious wife whom he has never seen, for she visits him only when all is dark. Like Psyche he yields to curiosity, and gazes at his sleeping spouse by lamplight. A drop of wax falls on her fair cheeks, and instantly she disappears, and he finds himself alone on a snow-covered mountain. As there are princesses who marry frog husbands, so there are princes who marry frog wives, the best known among them being probably the hero of the "Three Feathers." Very similar to his frog bride is the rat bride of the hero of the Norse tale of "Mother Roundabout's Daughter." No mention is made of a husk in either of these stories, which have evidently followed the same model. The frog and the rat turn into lovely maidens without any sufficient reason for their transformation being given.

In a Greek parallel to the story of the "Three Feathers," a king orders each of his three sons to shoot an arrow into the air, and to take as his wife the lady near whom it falls. The eldest son thus obtains as his bride a king's daughter, and the second a prince's daughter; but the youngest son finds no one near the spot where his arrow is sticking in the ground. On digging there, however, he lights upon the entrance to a vault, in which there are a number of female apes, one of whom he selects as his bride. Eventually she produces a hazel nut out of which she takes a dress for her husband, "and her own beauty" for herself, and she turns into the loveliest of damsels.

The story of "Beauty and the Beast"—to return to the point from which we started—is evidently a moral tale intended to show that amiability is of more consequence than beauty.

As an example of this kind of manipulation, may be taken the following story from Tibet: In early days there lived a King, Sakuni, who enjoyed the friendship of the great god Indra. He was rich and powerful, but the fact that he was childless long made him sad. At length Indra took compassion upon him, and his wives all bare him sons. One of these, Kusa by name, the son of Sakuni's chief queen, had "a face like unto that of a lion, the eighteen marks of ugliness, and an exceedingly powerful frame." On account of his plainness he was long disliked by his father. But at length Kusa's prowess in battle, or rather his success due to magic implements given to him by Indra, reconciled Sakuni to his hideous son. After his other sons were married, the King tried to find a wife for Kusa, but for a long time unsuccessfully, for all the neighboring monarchs exclaimed, "We are ready to give our daughters, but not to Kusa." At last, however, a bride was found, and the marriage took place, but she was never allowed to set eyes upon her husband, who was kept out of her sight during the day, so she was unaware that he was hideous. Nor was he aware of his own ugliness, for he had never been allowed to see a mirror; and he had always been prevented from bathing, for fear that the water might serve as a looking-glass, and let him know what manner of man he was. Unfortunately, one day his wife caught sight of him as he sported with his brothers, and asked who that "demon" was that she saw amid her brothers-in-law. Hearing that it was her husband, she determined to obtain a view of him when he visited her at night. So she lighted a lamp and concealed it under a basin. And when her husband was with her she suddenly removed the covering, and the light revealed to her his hideousness, whereupon she shrieked "A demon, a demon!" and fled. Her deserted husband followed her to her father's home. Under various disguises he pleased her by his skill, but each time that she obtains a good view of the unknown stranger whose performances at a distance won her good will, she uttered the same cry of horror and fled from him. Then came an opportunity for him to display his matchless strength and courage, which his wife admired so much that she resolved to overcome her dislike, and once more to accept him as her husband. It happened one day, however, that Kusa found himself overcome by weariness in the neighborhood of a river. So he went down into the water to bathe. And as he stood in the stream he suddenly caught sight of his likeness in the water, and exclaimed: "As I have the eighteen marks of ugliness, and a face like that of a lion, and as on that account this King's daughter has no liking for me, it is useless for such a one as I am to continue living. I will go and kill myself." So he went into a thicket with intention of hanging himself. But, when he was on the point of doing so, Indra called to him from heaven, told him to take courage, and gave him a jewel to wear on his forehead, which had the power of effacing his ugliness and making him, so long as he wore it, look like other men. After which all went well with him: and he who had been like unto a Beast lived happily with the Beauty, who had already forgiven his ugliness in consideration of his military merits.

New Publications.

We have received the first number of Andrews' American Queen, devoted to Art, Music Literature and Society. The American Queen presents an attractive appearance. Although issued as a monthly, the design is to make its publication of more frequent recurrence if justified by public approval. The society features of the new journal are unusually comprehensive and reveal in their most interesting phases the life of wealth and fashion in this country and abroad. The American Queen is an excellent specimen of high-class social journalism, if we measure its future by the first number. The editor pledges himself to make successive numbers even more thorough and interesting, and promises that ample business energy and editoral skill will be devoted to pushing the new enterprise.

"Pretty Little Countess Zina," a Russian story, translated from the French of Henry Greville, by Mary Neal Sherwood, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is a careful study of the Countess Kouniasine, who continues to make all about her very wretched by her arbitrary rule and love of power. The scenes are all laid in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other places in Russia. Mrs. Sherwood had the talent, most rare in a translator, of placing herself fully *en rapport* with the authors with whom she deals. It is therefore unnecessary to say that her part of this most charming work is thoroughly well done, while the publishers deserve credit for their exertions. "Pretty Little Countess Zina" is published in a large squared nodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents.

A Jarl's Daughter; and other Stories, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, being re-printed from Peterson's Magazine, for which they were originally written. Some show great dramatic power, others are full of sentiment and tenderness, showing that Mrs. Burnett is equally happy in either strain. All have a strength and individuality which prove the author's skill.

Potter's American Monthly for February, opens with an illustrated article on "The Wonder Land of America," in which the "Queen City of the Plains," is described. A new contributor has given some "Knickerbocker Tales." "My Mended Umbrella" is a sketch by Leigh North. The Token Bird (a poem) by Adelaide Stout. Chaps. IV, V, VI, of the serial story, "Tom Trudge." Guy Ainslee writes about "The First Woman Poet of America." The rest of the contents are "Miss Barlow's Governess," "Eccentrics and Eccentricities," "Bayard Taylor," "Link by Link," (concluded); "Little Good for Nothing," "Afterlow," "Character and Position," "The Bryant Brothers," "An Amateur Adventure," "Mendelssohn and his Music," America's Song Composers (No. 2) "Amor Heedis," and a variety of notes on Literature, Science, Art, &c.

Under the title of "Health Primers" Appleton & Co., are publishing a series of little volumes bound in an attractive style, each one of which will be devoted to a subject of prominence and interest on the many questions relative to health. Four numbers have already appeared. No. I discusses "Premature Death; its Promotion or Prevention." No. II "Alcohol, its Use and Abuse." No. 3, The House and its Surroundings. No. 5, Exercise and Training." All of which contain a great deal of interesting and valuable information. The series in its various branches should meet with great success. For sale by Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger.

"My Guardian," is an interesting story in autobiographical style, written by Ada Cambridge and illustrated by Frank Dickseé. The scene is laid in England, and beginning with the childhood of the heroine, describes her career to womanhood in many pleasant pictures of life and incident, in which is also woven the story of her love. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

"Tales from the German," of Paul Heyse have been added by Appleton & Co., to their choice collection of "Foreign Authors," and contains "Count Ernest's Home," "The Dead Lake," "The Fury" and "Judith Stern," all of which are interesting. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The February number of Wide Awake has a great many attractions in illustrations and stories to charm its readers. The frontispiece is a lovely picture called "Kiss Me Kate," illustrating the poem of that title contributed by Col. Hayne. Mrs. Catherwood's interesting serial, "The Dogberry Bunch" is continued. "Aunt Ruth's Valentine," is a touching story by Mrs. Lucy Bina. "Some Children's Books of Old Times," has some droll illustrations. "A Pioneer Wide Awake," is full of interest. This is followed by a poem, "The Wind's Mistake." "The Red Bird's secret," a sketch of A. F. Bellows is given in the series on "Our American Artists." "Royal Lowries' Last Year at St. Olive's" is continued, and Mrs. Little tells about Pope and Lady Mary. Wortley Montague in her series on "English Literature" Don Quixote is a new story, and a paper about "Sevres China" and another about "My Pets," to which is added a sixteen page supplement. "All about Dogs," which contains a variety of interesting sketches from facts. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., of Boston.

The January number of the Catholic World opens with an article on "Rome's Recruits." Italy and the Pope is another well written article, and an interesting sketch of Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of New Orleans, is also a notable article. "Pearl" is continued in several chapters. The remainder of the contents are "Art Sonnets," "Two Famous Deans," "Tom French's Christmas at Curraghglass," a poem on "Epiphany," "Technical Education" "From an Irish Country Home," "Babette," "The Year of Our Lord 1878."

The new Hymn and Tune Book just published by Scribner and Co., is a superb specimen of letter-press and binding, and contains a very carefully selected compilation of church song and music, adapted to meet the wants of different denominations in their service of song. It has been prepared with much judicious care that it cannot fail to find popularity for home service as well as the church choir, and is bound in a variety of styles suitable for every want. The edition bound in American gros grain silk is an elegant novelty in binding, and on the inner covers are illuminated texts, the words of which are appropriate as well as familiar and choice.

The North American Review for February opens with an article by Senator Hoar on The Conduct of Business in Congress, which calls attention to the present defects and suggests improved methods. The Mysteries of American Railroad Accounting is contributed by an accountant, showing how railway enterprises are managed and urging a review of the laws relative to railway management. A Statesman of the Colonial Era, by General Richard Taylor describes the career of George Mason of Virginia. Hon. D. H. Chamberlain discusses the Reconstruction of the Negro. The Empire of the Discontented reveals the abuses of Russian rule and is contributed by a prominent Russian Nihilist. The Scientific Work of the Howgate Expedition is contributed by O. S. Sherman. Sensationalism in the Pulpit is by Wm. M. Taylor, D.D; and Prof. T. F. Crane in an article on Mediæval French Literature reviews a class of books known to but few. Published by Appleton & Co.

The Nursery, a monthly magazine adapted especially for very young readers, will more than delight them with its generous variety of lovely pictures and stories, given, in the February number. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

The Eclectic Magazine for February contains a variety of well selected articles, and opens with a fine steel engraving of the Marquis of Lorne, in the list of contents are the following: "The Greatness of England," by Goldwin Smith; "Prince Bismarck," by Emele de Laveleye; "Pictures from Venice," by E. Lynn Linton; "Lost Literature," "French Home Life," "My Walk," by John Stuart Blackie; "The Sun's Long Streamers." The concluding chapters of "MacLeod of Dare;" "The Old and the New Ideals of Woman's Education," by Mrs. Fawcett; "Backgammon Among the Aztecs;" "Napiers," "Civilization and Norse," "Notes on Afghanistan and Her People," "Observation and Memory," "Two Modern Japanese Stories," "Science, Art and Varieties." Published by E. R. Pelton, of New York.

The Catholic World in its number for February opens with a well-written article on "The Reality of the World," which is intended to meet the tendency of modern thought to deny all things. This is followed by an interesting sketch of "Jasmin" the famous barber poet of the south of France. "Civilization and its Laws" is a review of Funck Brentano's work on the subject. In the rest of the contents are to found the following interesting articles: "Plain Chant;" "Pere Monsaire" gives a sketch of the leading pulpit orator of the day. "The Material Mission of the Church," "Protestant Theology in Short Clothes," "The Life of Madame Duchesale;" "Rome under the Popes and under the Piedmontese," to be followed by another on the same subject; "The Roman Letter" touches upon the present drift of politics in Italy, and the serial "Pearl" is continued with interest. Several choice poems are included in the contents. Published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York.

FARM FACTS. — Ashes make splendid manure for potatoes and every particle made on the farm should be saved for this purpose. Exposure weakens instead of making stock hardy. The toughening process is not scanty food without shelter. Hens like dark nests best; they avoid the light when selecting. Oiled sawdust exposed to the sun will ignite by spontaneous combustion.

TO EXTERMINATE RATS.—The following is said to be a thorough recipe for exterminating rats: "Make a mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills, and three parts of finely-chopped bacon made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes; these are put down for the rats to eat, and are said to effect their complete extirpation."

HOG CHOLERA.—Hog cholera is undoubtedly produced by too sudden changes of temperature, as diarrhœa and dysentery are in the human race by the same cause. Give hogs dry, warm beds in winter and cool shelter in summer, and cholera will become a thing of the past.

The Empress Eugenie is described as leading the quietest and most monotonous of lives at Chiselhurst. She is still handsome, her beautiful golden hair shining royally above her plain black dress.

The eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice, a sixteen-year-old girl, is said to be exceedingly lovely, intelligent, and fine in character. She has the scientific tastes of her mother.

In the Olden Time

they had mills, it is said, for grinding elderly people over, so that they came out young, fresh, and fair as ever. In these days, such mills would be superfluous, as LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH smoothes the wrinkles imprinted by time, and bestows upon the faded complexion of a lady of forty, the clearness and freshness which it possessed in girlhood. Sallowness, harshness of the skin, and all unsightly blemishes are quickly obviated by its purifying and softening operation.

News Notes.

North Carolina has 361 turpentine distilleries.

Immigrants are thronging into all parts of Texas.

A sister of General Custer will soon be married in Indiana.

In Washington the old heel-and-toe polka is superseding the waltz.

California last year produced enough to support 10,000,000 families a year.

Charleston has abolished her heavy license fee for commercial travelers.

Up to the present time over 20,000 silver mines have been located in Arizona.

The iron moulders say that last year was their best since 1873. This will be better.

A man in Illinois has found a way to make good lumber out of compressed straw.

Before 1870 Germany had only seven railway bridges over the Rhine; now she has sixteen.

Ship-building in Maine last year was only 85 per cent. of the average of the three previous years.

The marriage of the Duke of Connaught will take place at Windsor Castle about the 13th of March.

Prince Bismarck is said to look with displeasure on those German diplomats who are married to foreigners.

A vacuum automatic brake lately tested in England will stop in 300 yards a train running at sixty miles an hour.

Joseph Ganier, of Scottsville, N. Y., aged 107, has just lost his wife, aged 103, to whom he was married in 1790.

Dr. Strousberg, the once famous railway king of Germany, offered three per cent. on his indebtedness of $18,500,000.

Six thousand persons petitioned the Swiss government for the restoration of the penalty of capital punishment.

An English paper says that American-made lamps are more elegantly designed, and better finished, than their own.

Lasell Seminary, an institution in Massachusetts, gives object lessons in cooking to its pupils on Saturday evenings.

The first thing Madame Anderson did after finishing her pedestrian feat Monday night was to take a Turkish bath.

Two boys recently found in the gem district of Ceylon a blue sapphire weighing no less than two pounds in the rough, and valued at $60,000.

A colossal flower has been lately found in Sumatra forests which has an average diameter of thirty-three inches. It is called the Titanum.

Owing to the great falling off of marriages in the Established Church of England civil magistrates are reaping a rich harvest of wedding fees.

A New Haven woman has petitioned for a divorce from her husband because he has no style about him. It is to be hoped for his sake that she will get it.

A cargo of Carrara marble, lost eight years ago at sea, and recently recovered, was found to be completely honeycombed by some marine-boring animal.

At Waterbury, Conn., twenty-pound turkeys are awarded to people who, with their hands tied behind their backs, most rapidly consume blackberry pies.

The annual value of silk ribbons exported by Switzerland to the United States has fallen in the last five years from over $4,000,000 to about $1,000,000.

Providence, R. I., enacted that lodgers at her station-houses in 1878 should work for their entertainment, and the number of lodgers diminished from 5,191 to 1,568.

There are 272 telephone stations under the direction of the German post-office authorities. The instruments work perfectly over lines, say thirty-two miles long.

The King of Portugal has put aside his translation of "Othello" and is busying himself with the "Merchant of Venice." His translation of "Hamlet" has already met with success.

There was a grand ball in New Haven the other night, and when the next morning the janitor was sweeping up he found a set of false teeth on the floor. Nobody has claimed them.

A cable despatch confirms the rumor that the Duke of Edinburgh will shortly be appointed Admiral at this station. He will come out early in the summer with the Duchess, accompanied by the Russian fleet.

In England, forty bushels of wheat per acre is not an unusual yield, and fifty or sixty bushels per acre is often realized in the result of high farming. Nevertheless, England is obliged to import each year about 100,000,000 bushels, in addition to our own crop, to feed her people.

The total cotton spindles in the North are now estimated at about 9,000,000, and in the South at 6,000,000, or a total in the country of 15,500,000. Of the 68,000,000 spindles employed in the manufacture of cotton in 1876, the United States had in round numbers 10,000,000 and Great Britain 40,000,000.

It is often easier bad than good luck to carry off the big prize in the lottery. Here is a story of a young man who did well enough until he drew a prize of $5,000 in a Louisville lottery. The money was wasted in riotous living, and when it was gone gambling and drinking had become passions with him.

Nine tenths of the $1,000,000,000 which France borrowed of English bankers in order to pay Germany are now held in the shape of national bonds by Frenchmen at home. As fast as the foreigners would sell, the bonds were bought up on the Paris market, and thus, though France still owes that vast sum, she owes it in bulk only to her own people.

The Misses Thornton have not heretofore taken part in Washington galeties, because English etiquette requires that young ladies shall be presented to the Queen before they enter general society. During their recent visit in England Miss Thornton and Miss Frances Thornton went through this ceremony, and are, therefore, now at liberty to accept social attentions in America.

A thorough going infidel, who had no religious belief whatever, and was glad that he hadn't any, was recently stricken with par-

alysis at his house, a few miles west of Utica. When he recovered consciousness and power of speech his first request was that some one would read him a chapter of the Bible.

Berlin has 1,305 first class and 2,962 second class cabs, 181 omnibuses, and 224 street railway cars. In all 5,020 public carriages. A "course" in a second class drosky costs about 12 cents for two miles.

Mme. Anderson, the walker, is one of the results of our civilization. Had gentlemen never permitted her to stand up in the street cars she would, probably, never have had the physical stamina which enabled her to perform her task.

The Order of St. George is the most important in Russia, the Grand Cordon being given to those only who have commanded 100,000 men in a successful war. The Emperor of Germany is the senior knight now living of the wearers of this honor.

In Pottsville, John Candy, a little fellow, was arrested, charged with stealing a sled from the front of a store. He explained that he saw a piece of string on the sidewalk and picked it up. When he got home he was very much surprised to find that there was a sled at one end of it.

A farmer of Arnold, England, being enraged at the presence of skaters on his pond, conceived the brilliant idea of breaking up the ice by harnessing a horse to a heavy iron roller, and driving over it. The experiment was eminently successful, and but for the assistance of the skaters he and the horse would have remained at the bottom along with the roller.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in our columns of the American Absorptive Pad Co. This Company have introduced the finest and best Pads ever offered to the public. They are very neatly made, can be worn by either sex without discomfort, and the medicinal qualities that they contain have been carefully prepared by experienced physicians. The claims made for these Pads in all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the liver and stomach—the organs that govern the whole system—are fully borne out by what they have accomplished—the most practicable manner of verifying statements. The public mind is rapidly changing in regard to the old theory that by putting poison into the stomach that poison will be eradicated from the blood, and we find the most intelligent classes adopting this external method of curing disease by the great law of absorption, which we predict will in time supersede all other known methods.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles. Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

"Lady Howard's Pearl of Beauty" speedily and permanently imparts Nature's roseate hue of health to the complexion. 50 cents at all druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address M. LEE, 25 Filbert Avenue, Philadelphia.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts. ; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

715—727 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

No effort will be spared to maintain its established reputation for the excellence of its table and quiet home-like comforts.

H. CRANSTON & CO.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

MYSTERY!—By sending 20c. (silver) and personal description, you'll receive a picture of your intended, date of marriage, time and place of first meeting, view of house after marriage, and FORTUNE TELLER'S JOURNAL, (Weekly) three months. L. AUSTIN, ELSIE, MICH.

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50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

OR IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

American Life Insurance COMPANY,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

For the Year Ending December 31, 1878.

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$434,241.18
Interest received from investments, rents, etc.,	221,839.64
	$656,080.82

DISBURSEMENTS.

Life Losses paid	307,306.85
Endowments and Annuities paid	10,500.00
Traveling Agents and Commissions,	43,430.11
Salaries and Medical Examinations	25,221.31
Taxes, Licences and Legal Expenses	10,667.91
Printing, Advertising, stamps, etc.	23,045.66
	$420,172.94
Surplus allowed to reduce Premiums and Dividends	4,417.00
Loss in sale of Real Estate, etc.	5,094.74
Surrendered and Cancelled Policies and Notes voided by lapse of Policies	499,494.10
	$906,916.74

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1879.

Mortgages upon Real Estate	2,070,316.32
Stocks and Bonds	479,179.60
Real Estate, Office and Properties bought to secure Loans	432,900.00
Loans on Collateral amply secured	136,123.52
Premium Notes secured by Policies	393,134.25
Net referred and unreported Premiums	27,467.88
Cash on Hand and in Banks	100,150.86
Accrued Interest to January 1	61,417.18
	$3,823,688.81

LIABILITIES.

Reinsurance reserve at 4½ per cent	$3,137,302.00
Death Claims not yet due	95,405.66
Funds held in Trust	101,544.35
Net Premiums paid in Advance	6,392.94
Surplus as to Policy Holders	481,080.06
	$3,822,638.01
Number of Policies in force	9,774
Amount at Risk	$14,156,702

The foregoing statement has been verified by the Insurance Department of Pennsylvania at the request of the Company.

TRUSTEES.

GEORGE W. HILL, CHARLES CARVER,
PHILIP B. MINGLE, WILLIAM H. MAIN,
ISAAC HAZLEHURST, J. WESLEY SUPPLEE,
ALBERT C. ROBERTS, GEORGE K. McILWAIN,
ROBERT G. GEDDES, ROBERT B. C. HILL,
CHARLES E. ROBESON, ROBERT J. GRIGG,
CHARLES R. HART.

GEORGE W. HILL, President.
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J. G. HAMMER, Assistant Secretary.
JOHN F. BIRD, M. D., Medical Examiner.

ENDLESS FUN for TEN CENTS.

for 10c. will mail to any address one pack of Wizard Trick Cards, with full directions and Journal of Magic. Address, G. H. W. BATES & CO., Boston, Mass.

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25 NEW STYLE CARDS, 10c. 18 Chromo 20c. or 20 Lace Cards, 10c. Dime Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

The above is a FOOT PAD to go in the shoe. It is thin and can be worn in any shoe without making the shoe tight. It is a non-conductor of electricity and keeps the feet warm. It is damp proof and keeps the feet dry. It is soft and easy in the shoe and relieves Rheumatism.

THE COST IS ONLY 25 CENTS PER PAIR, AND SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS.

State size of shoe worn.

D. W. JOHNSON,

324 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please state you saw this advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post.

FITS, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance. Dr. Kline's Fit Cure and Great Nerve Restorer, a sure cure for Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, and all nervous diseases. No fits after first day's use. $1. Trial bottles free. For sale at 931 Arch street, and by druggists generally.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

20 CHROMO CARDS, new and elegant, with name, 10c. postpaid. Gilt Edge Card Co, Nassau, N.Y.

40 Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M. Higganum, Conn.

40 Fashionable Perfumed Cards, no 2 alike, name in gold and jet, 10c. Ella Ray, P. Wallingford, Ct.

EVANS' IMPROVED

Rotary Job Presses

Prints 2,000 an hour—3 sizes No. 1, 5x8 in. $45. No. 2, 8x10 in. $80. No. 3, 9x13 in. $125. Smaller self-inkers from $8 up to $20. Printing materials, cards, etc. Stamp for catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 80 N. NINTH St. Phila., Pa. Old style $45 Rotarys for $25.

COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc., by a revitalizing process.

REMARKABLE CURES have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.

REFER BY PERMISSION To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Jos. Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who have used and been benefited by this treatment.

SENT FREE! Brochure 200 pp. with many testimonials to most remarkable cures. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N.Y.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left. M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

A CURIOSITY! A genuine CHINESE COIN sent to anyone for 25c. Address P. M. DENNIS, Cedar Mills, Oregon.

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18 ELEGANT NEW STYLE UNIVERSAL CARDS with name, 10 cts., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

LOOK HERE!—20 Lovely Chromo Cards, 10c. Samples of Photo. Cards, 2c. S. S. PERRY, Nassau, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS

act by the natural law of absorption upon the parts over which they are placed; the medicinal qualities they contain passing into the circulation through the pores of the skin. They

ABSOLUTELY PREVENT Fever and Ague and all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach or Blood. **THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS**

are Purely Vegetable, harmless, and effective and will **POSITIVELY CURE** any deranged condition of the system, whether arising from malarial or other causes, including Fever and Ague, Bilious or other Fevers, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Skin Diseases, Jaundice, Female Complaints and Irregularities and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Genital Organs, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, etc., etc. Our Pads are an absolute specific in all cases arising from a deranged condition of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Prices

Liver and Stomach Pads, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00; Kidney Pads, $3. Chest and Lung Pads, $1.50, 2.00, 3.00; Abdominal Pads, $2. Foot Pads from 50 Cents to $2.

Put up in neat boxes containing full directions, and sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price. For Pads or Circulars address

THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PAD CO.,

1026 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted in every city and town where we are not represented.

EVERY FARMER

should subscribe for an Agricultural Journal, when he can get FARM AND FIRESIDE, which gives as much valuable and interesting reading matter as ANY $2 PAPER, FOR 50 CENTS A YEAR.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,

is a large, 8-page Agricultural and Home Journal, issued twice a month, at the low price of 50 cents a year. It is a live, wide-awake Journal, ably edited, well printed on good paper. Each number contains something of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest; therefore

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

IT is generally conceded that dress fabrics were never richer and more beautiful than this season, for all that has been read of or known of the costly materials of the past, seems to have furnished the foundation for producing something richer and more costly for the present. The rich gold and silver brocades, the Indian stuffs, the Chinese silks, the Persian embroideries, and the finely woven cloths, which we read of as having clothed the historic heroes and heroines of romance and story now compose the list of materials with which Fashion creates the various exquisite toilettes for those who worship at her shrine in modern times. This achievement in costliness is not confined to dresses, nor is it objectionable to those who have an abundance of money, nor are the extravagant classes responsible for it. It seems to be rather the natural result of the growth and improvement in manufactured products, in machinery as applied to the industrial arts, and art itself as applied to work. It is not confined to dress materials, for it is also visible in the great diversity of all the minor articles of ornament and trimming, in laces, jewelry, as well as the articles we use in our home decoration whether it be of plain or costly material. This development of art, visible in the products of skilled labor, creates a responsive artistic taste in those who make use of them, and we find ourselves giving expression to it even in the minor and simplest details of dress and home decoration. This latter division of the subject we will leave for another occasion, and take up the part as it more directly relates to our dress. The use of these rich materials and money will not dress people well, even though there is an abundant field for one's choice and taste. It requires a great deal of taste and judgment to make a selection that is especially adapted to one's personal need and position, for one too frequently ensnared by the charming glamour which surrounds the variety of lovely dress stuffs which meet the eye, that it shuts out the proper exercise of that discrimination which should point out the utility as well as ornamental charms of the article, one would purchase, and makes us only too often sacrifice the substantial merits of one for the more conspicuous but evanescent beauty of the other. The very darkest shades for everything except for full dress, constitute the basis on which good taste should always make its selection, while the various combinations of silk, satin or velvet, even in darkest shades make a toilette which can be more beautifully lightened by the addition of lace, in some of the pretty accessories to a toilette, than if some conspicuously light material were used. The darkest shade of maroon is undoubtedly the most fashionable color of the season, but with this color are others which compete for favor and find many patrons. In fact the becomingness of a color always establishes it in some one's favor. A recent inspection of the styles in walking dresses show but few changes in the model, which is inevitably a short one. Here is one which I think will please those who study simplicity. It is composed of garnet cashmere, with three narrow pleatings on the front of the skirt, the drapery is turned up in front in the washerwoman style, and faced with garnet satin and silk pekin, which as a narrow bias band trims the back of the drapery looped in a succession of puffs. The basque of cashmere has a vest of the pekin (that is garnet satin and silk alternate stripes.) A broad band of the pekin edged the basque from the vest to the back of the side seams. In the back the basque formed two coat tails each trimmed with a small revers of pekin and gilt buttons, which also ornamented the front of the vest.

Another costume of the same pleasing simplicity was of dark gray India cashmere, made very effectively thus: The foundation of the skirt was common gray muslin, on which was draped the cashmere in full folds across the front, on the bottom of which was a narrow pleating of gray silk increasing to two towards the back. The drapery opened on the left side over a full quilling of the silk, arranged in a spiral form mingled with bows and ends of gray silk. The plain coat basque of cashmere had a vest of gray silk brocade which also formed the sleeves.

Some very simple and pretty walking dresses are made of olive green or dark blue serge, ornamented with many rows of machine stitching of gold colored silk and trimmed with gilt buttons. The skirts are generally kilt-pleated, or a small pleating five or six inches deep, headed by a band of the contrasting material used to trim the other parts of the dress.

While day dresses sustain this style of trimming, evening dresses are frequently trimmed with rows upon rows of narrow pleatings about a finger in width, twelve or fifteen in number, producing a pretty effect, particularly in either tarletan or soft thin India muslin or organdy, in which latter case each ruffle is edged with narrow Breton lace. As for the waistcoat which has become such a prominent feature of all costumes, they are made in a variety of styles. It is said that those who have a grandfather's embroidered waistcoat, are more than fortunate, but then the costume has to be composed expressly for the waistcoat, which becomes the grand centre on which one's taste and selection of accompanying materials must revolve. Those who have not these sought after heirlooms, make them of such materials as will lend the desired air of antiquity to the garment and the richest and most costly brocades are used. The consolation for an extravagant outlay in such cases, is found in the small quantity required, as compared to an entire dress. Thanks to the skilful work of the manufacturer, we have many charming imitations of the most costly materials, which can be used for these waistcoats with great effect without much expense. Many ladies make their vest of some pretty shade of velvet or satin, cutting the cuffs and pockets of the same, and embroider them in some floriated design, in prettily shaded silks, and can adapt it for several dresses. With waistcoats lace jabots are an indispensable feature and those who have a stock of old lace are fortunate, for every little piece comes in use. For everyday wear, gauze jabots may be worn, and even fichus and lace handkerchiefs may be converted by dexterous fingers into pretty neckties or full fan-shape bows for the neck of the waistcoat. Without one of these, it is said to lose its distinguished appearance. Even in lingerie, Fashion has gone back half a century or more, and all the fashionable fichus and cravats are copied after those seen in pictures of the famous beauties of the past. It seems that our grandmothers or feminine ancestors knew the value of lace, for we see them in their pictures, swathed in muslin and lace and certainly the effect makes them look softer and kinder in expression, than those who betray the angularity of the outlines of the face and feature without the adjunct of lace. White muslin or lace always has a softening and becoming effect to a woman's face be she old or young. Compare the appearance of a woman from whose face the freshness of youth has been taken, and lines of care or ill-health have made indelible marks and in the dark hair are mingled many gray threads. She entirely ignores the use of a little lace cap for the head or a little three-cornered piece of muslin, edged with lace for the throat, but the hair is stiffly arranged, and a harsh, unsympathetic linen collar encircles the throat, fastened by a brooch. Compare this to the other picture of one who bears the same marks of the "stealing hand of Time," but on her plainly arranged hair is a little cap, perhaps it may be only a scrap of plain muslin with a soft frill of lace, and around the throat is another soft, pretty, three-cornered piece, edged with narrow lace. It is all of the simplest material and make, and yet what a softening influence its presence has and how much it conceals the harsh angular outlines of face, which are so visible in the other picture. It does not necessitate an extravagant outlay of money to produce these pretty effects, and the simplest home costume can be made attractive and becoming by this addition.

For more dressy occasions, and suitable for my youthful friends is a fichu of India muslin edged with two frills of pleated lace, one over the other, and joining in front where they form a full jabot reaching to the waist and fastened by a bouquet of flowers.

Another fichu is the Payssanne, composed entirely of lace, edged with a deep flower of the same, crossing over the chest, it is fastened each side by a bouquet of wild flowers. The Marie Antoinette fichu is also worn. As for neck bows and cravats, they are of every kind. There is the butterfly, of soft muslin, edged with lace, the Regence, a cravat with three lappets of pleated lace in front. A pretty collarette is composed of little pleatings of white muslin with a lace ruching around the neck, and may be worn under an open or over a high bodice to simulate an open one.

Handkerchiefs are also very elaborately trimmed with lace frills and insertion and can be made into charming little caps for the head. Speaking again of caps I am reminded of some lovely ones lately made for elderly ladies. The puff cap is a soft crown of foulard silk, satin or even velvet, terminating in a bow at the back. Around this is a frill of white lace and in front a little on one side, is a bow of colored ribbon. The "fanchon cap" is composed of a net of chenille embroidered with gold or silver and edged with fringes of gold or silver coins falling over a frill of colored lace.

The style of winter bonnets shows but little variations and the subject is more suggestive of anticipations and predictions of the spring bonnet, for even though remote, it is not too far off for anticipation, but let us confine ourselves for the present to the winter styles. I saw one in which the crown was composed entirely of black ostrich feathers; the stems were all centered under a black velvet and satin Alsatian bow in front, a narrow jet binding on the edge, and black satin strings. All kinds of gilt and silver ornaments are profusely used on bonnets, but the latest whim is a silver mouse. The bird kingdom is deserted and ingenuity seeks a field now among the quadrupeds for the designs of the little ornaments which form so important a feature of bonnet trimming.

Our Fireside Chat.

JUST now that ornamental tea cosies are so much in vogue, I will mention one or two that have been given lately as presents. One was of a gold-colored material, called brocatelle. On each side was embroidered in crewels a floral design, one of a spray of variegated carnations and leaves, the other of a red rose, bud, and leaves; the whole was bound with silk cord of the same color, lined with white sarsenet, and had a bow of ribbon to match on the top to lift it by. Another was of pale green silk, with cherubs painted on in delicate flesh tints, hovering over a spray of blackberries and leaves, which were worked in silks; a ruche of lace edged it all round. A third was of ruby satin, with crossed sprays of white and yellow jessamine. Across the stalks, which were on one side of the cosy, a space of about an inch and a half was left, and here the name of the lady for whom the gift was intended, was worked in gold twist, sewn with tiny stitches of silk to match. It is quite a new fashion, that of marking tea cosy with your name; it is generally embroidered on one side in a slanting position. Sometimes a monogram is worked. This is also carried out on fans, blotting books, and even on envelope cases, which can all be worked and covered by hand. It is also a new fashion to paint a design on silk, either floral or in the landscape or portrait style, and throw a spray of forget-me-nots or some delicate flower across the centre, worked in colored silks. This fashion came from Paris, and many lovely fans are painted and worked thus by ladies as presents, and made up afterwards by experienced professional hands. I have lately seen photograph frames covered with embroidered silk and velvet. The frame should be of wood or cardboard (the former is best), either square or oval. The work is done first, a good margin being left, are quite easy to do for deft fingers. Any carpenter can cut the wood, and turn the edges. Envelope cases are often covered now with embroidery, and I have lately seen old-fashioned bellows ornamented in the same way. Small ones are often seen and used now in fashionable drawing-rooms. Little serviettes and d'oyleys are very pretty, worked in deep gold colored floselle, or what is called "bobbin silk," which is a little finer, and is wound on reels. Sometimes a spray of flowers is thrown across, with the flowers (small ones) in color, red or blue, and the rest all in gold colored silk; sometimes the whole is in gold, and again sometimes a wreath encircles the monogram, embroidered in the space left in the centre. The d'oyleys are on fine linen, and are either fringed or edged with lace, the fringe being sometimes white and sometimes of the gold color. D'Oyleys were formerly worked with a different fruit on each, in the centre—grapes on one, apples on another, a spray of currants, etc., but the fruit is now painted on, and a gay colored fly or butterfly worked in silks on the painted spray. A border to a white thick muslin tea table cloth had a band of white jean, with a continuous wreath of forget-me nots, wild pale-colored roses, buttercups, and pink tipped daisies, and leaves painted on, with every now and then a bright-winged butterfly or dragon fly worked on in rich silk. They stood out in bold relief, and were most effective. The tea cosy was made to match. Baskets for holding wood to stand by the side of fireplaces are now popular. They have only two sides, with a broad strong handle across. The bottom is of wood, and the sides are either of wood or basket work. They are raised by little feet about three or four inches from the ground. They are generally lined with gay-colored chintz, and the sides and handle ornamented according to individual taste with colored ribbon and tassels of colored worsted, or cherries of worsteds. Sometimes the sides have pieces of embroidered sheeting or serge covering them on the outer side. They vary in size according to taste. The blocks of wood are kept there till required. A very ingenious receptacle for odds and ends of wools and work was shown me the other day. Three muff-boxes were fastened strongly together, having previously been neatly covered with dark-green velvet, edged at the top with green worsted braid and ball fringe. The top was of cardboard, sufficiently large to cover the three boxes, covered with velvet, and attached by a bow of green ribbon, a second bow being placed at the opposite side to keep it closed. It really was a pretty ornament. Stamped leather is much seen now for furniture—dark leather, with the pattern stamped in gold; mantelshelves in an old-fashioned dining room look well if they valance of this, with the outlines worked in thick colored silk chain stitch. A strong needle is required. Russet-brown velvet or "art" greens with a border of thick woollen fringe to match look well. The band should be tolerably deep—say about seven inches—and the fringe should be sewn on, so that the edge does not come below the velvet. Sideboards and chests of drawers are often ornamented with a strip of white or colored material thrown over, with the ends hanging down the sides, embroidered. This is after a Russian fashion; some are of white linen fringed at the end, embroidered in red or blue thick cotton, in outline or crewel work, according to fancy. Others are of red, green, or blue serge, with some floral design worked. The cloth should correspond with the prevailing color of the room, and be the same width as the piece of furniture it is intended for. A design on brown holland, first chain stitched, then cut away, and edged with long herring-bone stitches on colored serge, is very effective if crewel work is not wished for; the ends should be about a quarter of a yard long. Covers for work baskets, ottomans, and borders for tables and curtains look very well in this work, which is German. It is most easy to adapt and trace out a pattern on the holland; lay it on the material, tack it, and then chain stitch all round the outline, afterwards cutting it away, and adding long "spikey" stitches in coarse unbleached flax thread, which is the color of the holland. The pattern should be bold and effective.

As I am a regular reader of the POST, I ask some kind friend to send me through the columns of Fireside Chat a good recipe for making brown bread. MRS. S. G. B.

The area of land in Germany upon which the tobacco plant is cultivated exceeds 50,000 acres, Prussia, Bavaria, the Duchy of Baden, Alsace, and Lorraine being the counties which grow the most, and the average yield is about 3,300 pounds to the acre. With this crop some 50,000 tons of leaf and 1,250 tons of prepared tobacco are imported yearly, the exports barely reaching 4,000 tons.

A young lady in Clinton county, N. Y., evidently wants to learn how to write a letter without sending for a "complete letter-writer." "Mr. Postmaster," she writes to the Postmaster general, "how much would the trouble be for picking out, packing, and sending about fifty or more of the best of the many letters you get? I don't want anything but good sensible letters. Of course I expect to pay postage. Please let me know by return mail."

The eruption of mud at the foot of Mount Etna continues, and a smoking lake of steadily increasing dimensions has been formed. Professor Silvestri says there are two kinds of crater—one in constant activity, emitting muddy and oily water, with exhalations of carbonic acid; the other intermittent, issuing with subterranean noises volumes of thicker mud.

The outbreak of hydrophobia among the royal English pack of staghounds has now entirely disappeared from the kennel and the hounds which have been under veterinary treatment are being got into condition. Hunting will be resumed, weather permitting, early in the new year. The hunting deer are being cornered in the deer pens.

Thirty years ago the profession of mining engineer was almost unknown in the United States; to-day the American Institute of Mining Engineers numbers over seven hundred members.

The Social Science Association of Boston publishes the startling, if true, statement that several mills in New England are grinding white stone into powder, to be used in adulterating sugar, soda and flour. The location of these mills are not given.

Answers to Inquirers.

W. H. W. (Harrison, Ind.)—The firm you inquire about is, we believe, in every way reliable.

G. M. B. (Winston, Miss.)—The man should marry in the name by which he has always been known from his birth.

INEZ LYNNE, (Saginaw, Mich.)—You may polish tortoise shell by rubbing it upon leather, dusted over with rotten stone or tripoli powder.

ALICE E. (Millard, Utah.)—We should think, from your description, that the young man must be very industrious, persevering, and respectable, and that he is sure to succeed in life.

ARDENT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Avoid the subjects of love, if it is disagreeable to her. You are young and can afford to wait until she is ready to listen to your avowals of affection.

BLACKHEATH, (Clarendon, S. C.)—If a husband is unable, through want of work, to support a wife, neither his nor her relations can be compelled to contribute to her maintenance.

S. P. (Aberdeen, Md.)—Your best plan would be to report the case to the office of the paper spoken of. They will doubtless see about the matter of overcharging, and if possible correct it.

JACK, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Burnt cork is the usual receipt for blacking faces to represent negroes, but lampblack in powder, applied with a little lard, is also used, and put on with the aid of cotton wool.

BESSIE, (Pope, Ill.)—It is very indiscreet and improper for a lady to send a valentine to a gentleman with whom she is unacquainted. Glycerine, mixed with lime juice or rose water, is good for the complexion.

M. M. K. (Nonsville, Pa.)—The meaning of the abbreviated word "Op." found on the title-page of many musical compositions, is "Opus"—work. For instance, "Op. 27,"—the author's twenty-seventh work.

ALY, (Oakfield, Iowa.)—Patience is the first requisite, perseverance the second. These important questions require great consideration on both sides. A suitor who is hasty puts himself in a disadvantageous position.

S. C. A. (Union City, Mich.)—New the book would cost from ten to fifteen dollars. Second-hand from five to probably nine. 2. The instrument is only an ingenious toy, but nevertheless well worth all that is asked for it.

MAG, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Ma chere, il rest toute a vous," is French, and means: "My dear, all rests with you." "Ma chere, je vous souhaite la bonne annee," is from the same language and is translated: "My dear, I wish you a happy New Year."

EVA, (Rockbridge, Va.)—Josephus alludes to the life of Christ; but there are few possible sources of information outside the New Testament. Tacitus and the younger Pliny are authorities, as is also Macrobius, who alludes to the Massacre of the Innocents.

K. (Bristol, Mass.)—When a lady and gentlemen are engaged to be married, it would seem somewhat incorrect for the lady to accompany another gentleman to a ball; but the engaged gentleman may with all propriety go to a party to which she intended is not invited.

DAN, (Franklin, Kans.)—It is quite clear that the hair is beginning to turn prematurely gray. Use hard brushes, and brush frequently, so as to promote a healthy circulation of the blood in the scalp. It is the only chance of checking the tendency to premature grayness.

NORAH, (Nottingham, Md.)—Unless you have reason to believe that your lover is playing you false, take no notice of the circumstance; it may, perhaps, have been a friend whom he could not avoid speaking to without being guilty of rudeness. You are not too young to be married.

ANXIOUS, (Clay, Ark.)—You had better give up the thought. Roman Catholic priests will not marry a member of their church to a Protestant without securing a pledge that the children of the union shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, and of late they are very averse to performing such marriages at all.

MARAH, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Since the attractive power of a magnet diminishes as the cube of the distance of the attracted object from it, it is highly improbable that you will be able to obtain a magnet that will lift a weight of any magnitude at a distance of two feet. We may safely say no such piece of loadstone exists.

L. E. P. (Carver, Minn.)—Soap and water mixed with ox gall will be found one of the best substances with which to clean marble. Oil and grease can be removed by spreading upon the marble a paste composed of caustic potash lye, fuller's earth and soft soap, which should be allowed to remain for a few days on the marble, then washed off with clean water.

SUNSCRIBER, (Beaver Pond, S. C.)—Write as often as it pleases you. There is no preparation of the kind which is not dangerous, though some are less so than others. The following is said to be a good hair dye: Lac sulphur, one ounce; sugar lead one-half ounce, rose water, one pint. Appy the wash about four times a week, but do not shake before using.

F. H. (Concord, Pa.)—The reason why a circle sometimes appears about the moon previous to a storm, is that the moon's light is reflected by a frost particles in the upper regions of the atmosphere—the frost acting somewhat in the nature of prism. It is equally well-defined on the outer and inner edges, and sometimes appears larger or smaller—from the relative height or position of the frost stratum, and the observer.

J. S. E. A. (Roxboro, Phila.)—The word Christmas is sometimes spelled Xmas, because in old manuscripts and books, this letter is regarded as the equivalent of the compound Greek letter Chi, used in those works as an abbreviation of the name Christ. 2. You could get what you require in almost any store furnishing sporting or gunning articles in this city.

H. P. K. (Harkleville, Ind.)—The name road agents is simply a local term, and means precisely the same as highwayman, from which they do not differ. 2. The letters on Clark's spool cotton mean "Our New Thread." Sometime since they invented an extra good article and put it in the market using this trademark. 3. There are establishments of the kind in this city, but it is against our rules to announce their names through this column.

DANIEL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The First Part of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was published in 1678, and is very rare. The seventh edition was reached in 1681, and Bunyan used this in composing his Second Part. There was a Third Part, first published in 1692, and of which a sixth edition was published in 1765, "a spurious and contemptible production." The Third Part is known, therefore, not to be by Bunyan, but the author of course concealed his name.

IGNORAMUS, (Chester, Pa.)—King Cophetua is the name of an old ballad extant in the Percy collection, and mentioned by most poets, from Shakspeare to Tennyson. He is the ideal of the powerful prince bending in love to the humble maid, which is always delightful. King Cophetua, a prince of Africa, when it was the kingdom of wonder, loves, woes, and marries a beggar maid, and is immortalized in the sweet old ballad, and in a modernized and much weaker version of the story by Tennyson, called The Beggar Maid. Shakspeare of course talks of him, and praises the good shooting at that time:

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.

X. Y. Z. (Wadesboro, N. C.)—1. No. You may use any name you please. 2. The reason the mouth and lips become dry is probably because the party sleeps with his mouth open, instead of breathing through the nostrils as is natural and best. 3. Concerning your next questions you should consult a physician immediately. It is a disputed question as to the healthfulness of drinking beer. A great deal may be said both for and against. Some people are benefited by it and others not. In your own case take medical advice. We would also recommend the same course as regards the other affairs you speak about. We would judge altogether that the matter should not be delayed one moment more than is absolutely necessary.

SUNSCRIBER, (Napoleonville, Ga.)—The writer of the letter evidently intended saying "Dear Sir," which is the proper form for all missives—even including business communications—and forgot to add the "Sir." It would not, we think, be correct for you to interpret the omission in any other way, notwithstanding the position of the lady and your own. At the same time it is possible, that she may have purposely left it so in order to convey the other meaning of which it is capable. Without, however, taking this for granted, there are ways which will at once suggest themselves to you to ascertain whether the mode of address arose from forgetfulness, or a more active motive.